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THE SPIRITUAL MIND.

We are glad to quote often from Mr. Bartol's sermons, for those of our readers who may not have the volume. The following passage may serve to help us all on in our religious life.

The outward observances and institutions of our religion have no sense but to express and awaken the exercises of our spiritual nature.—They must, of course, be dull and naught to those who lack interest in spiritual things. They are dead forms, empty vessels, unless filled and enlivened by this holy element of regard for what is invisible and everlasting; but, as conductors and quickeners of this element, they have life and meaning. Were our religion a mere system of ethics, it could be written down in abstract propositions upon the page, or enforced in a style of purely didactic address; but, being a religion which would introduce and bring us into contact with vast and immeasurable realities that stretch off from this shore of existence into an eternal state, it must have sacred symbols as well as moral instructions,—it must have solemn exercises of spiritual feeling and affection,as the shadows and beginnings of that coming life and holy experience, from which the shapes of earthly business, the grosser ties of human relationships, and the occasions of the lesser moralities in mere worldly dealings, will finally be swept clean away. And, according as we go through these punctual rites of prayer and praise, communion and consecration, with a worldly or a spiritual mind, they will be a mechanical and unmeaning mockery to us, or the very glimmerings and reflections of the gates of heaven.

But the spiritual mind, while opposed to what is carnal, completing what is moral, and discerning the significance of what is formal, has, of course, a positive and intrinsic quality of its own, which we must go beyond all terms of negation and comparison to set forth. To be spiritually minded, then, is to have a sense, a conviction, and inward knowledge of the reality, solidity, and permanent security of spiritual things. It is to believe and see that there is something more in God's universe than outwardly appears; something more than this richly compounded order of material elements, with all its beauty and lustre; something beyond the sharply defined glittering objects that crowd the landscape. It is to understand that day and night, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, are not the only facts possibly subject to the notice of the undying soul. It is to be aware that even the broad streets and mighty pathways which the astrodomer descries, laid out from globe to globe, do not embrace the whole or highest survey of God's creation. But beyond, within, or above all, there verily is a scene, a society of lofty, intelligent existence, where are brighter displays of God's nearness and love; a company of immortals, escaped from this empire of change; a circle of children in harmonious ranks about the infinite Father, on whose forms,"vital in every part," Death comes not to lay his finger, and whose feet no sorrow or disappointment can clog or trip, as they run in endless pursuit of truth and goodness.

The spirital mind not only sees, as in cold vision, the inner or upper world gloriously triumphing in its stability over the passing kingdom of earth and sense, but enters into relation with it, feels surrounded by it, bows to it, and realizes an inspection from the living firmament of its power. It repeats, indeed, in the chambers of its own hidden life, the experience of the great spiritually-minded writer to the Hebrews, when, after enumerating a long list of ancient worthies, who had died in the faith many centuries before, their names rising up like ranges of mountains on the horizon of history, he represents them as actually present, like the amphitheatre of witnesses at the Grecian stadium, and says to his fellow-believers, "Wherefore, seeing we are so compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith;" a passage of stirring power, which no literature out of the Bible can match. And even such a holy, unseen environment the spiritually-minded man walks in the midst of, or, with a forthrunning and believing imagination, draws around him, and feels its potent virtue. He beholds vividly beside him their bright examples; for they have finished the race before him. He hears them, from their seats of bliss, with united cry cheer him on; and his feet gain swiftness in the way of all honor and well-doing. The rays from their crowns of glory are concentrated from the whole canopy of heaven into the little earthly space over which he speeds to do God's bidding; and he heeds not the ephemeral allurements of earthly pleasure, or the side-lights of human fame.

With the elder successful combatants in the solemn game and trial of life, who gather with their brave words and heroic deeds around him, come the later winners of the heavenly prize, those perchance he has known in the flesh, now with their white robes of purity and palms of victory; and voices of children, who struggled for a moment patiently, and spotless died, are added to the great chorus of encouragement and admonition, with their tender accents (it may be) sending a keener thrill to the resolving soul than comes even from the great archangel's mighty tone. All this actual, translated, ever-living loveliness and righteous honor of the sons of God, abashing and casting into the shade the vice, the mean corruption, the foresworn recreancy of this world, stimulates the spiritually-minded man to renewed endeavor for the truth and the right, which, however here abandoned, have been so nobly illustrated and maintained. More are for him than are against him. No faint heart can come, or failing courage have access, to him. He is borne on by a mighty pressure from above, like a ship under the whole weight and motion of the atmosphere.

The spiritually-minded man stops not, indeed, with this encircling crowd of created and inspiring existences; his worship runs along their living lines to rest on the Creator, Inspirer. But they are the electric chain, through which additional supplies of the central fire reach him to augment what directly penetrates his soul. They are lesser mediators, adding new sparkles of light and heat to that which comes in a flood through the great Mediator and Intercessor, Jesus Christ; their virtues radiating from his crown, and forming a halo about his pre-eminent head. And, though the spiritually-quickened mortal may not, in the wide usage of the church, invoke aloud these saints in light, he will hear their spirits in the name of all blessed goodness, which they have tasted or reached, speaking to him with a prevailing exhortation to fidelity and Christian zeal. He will think of the steps he must take in this world, in order that his last footstep through the grave may but carry him right on in the path they are treading. The memory will affectingly come back to him of those with whom he may have sojourned; who really seemed, in their exit, only to move forward, the line of their earthly march running into that of their heavenly career. For what had a Channing, and what had a Follen,—and I might call less famous, but equally noble names,—what had they to do but move forward on the same track they had been holding; keeping pace with angels as they had with good men, and conversing with the first-met inhabitants of heaven just as they did with the last-seen dwellers upon earth?

But this prepared condition of the spiritual man for an upper abode will not unfit him for his present mansion of earth and flesh, or for any of the duties natural and becoming in his most familiar and homely ties. His spirituality is life and peace, an animating no less than tranquilizing power.—The spiritual world, in which God presides, and Christ intercedes, and bands of elder and younger angels minister, is no picture painted in the vault of heaven for him to gaze at with his mind's eye in idle contemplation, but a living, moving, admonishing force. From the shadowy host sounds forth in his ear the trump of duty, whose alarming blast, with incessant repetition, startles him from the slumber of indolence, rouses him from mystical reverie, spurs him to noble enterprise after the example of such pioneers and leaders. It has been said, "This is a world where none, save God and angels, can afford to be spectators." But they are not spectators only, but workers also. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." They are workers, with whom the recluse, dreamy, mystical soul is not in sympathy, but only the soul that applies and busily works out in a daily task its brightest ideal. The truly spiritual man finds in the unseen region of a heaveuly existence a source of motive-power, a vast auxiliary, an inexhaustible reserve of strength, coming in aid of natural conscience, which alone is insufficient to direct or reclaim us; but which, reinforced from these divine ranks, irresistibly triumphs with ever-fresh moral victory. Or is this dependence, which we would fain seek, inconsistently forgotten, as, fool-hardy and single-handed, venturing into the fight with temptation, we fall under the power of sin? The stinging,degrading sentence of reproach from the spiritual world, with which we are in connection, seconds the upbraidings of our own heart, and recalls us by all the claim and value of that holy approbation we have forfeited, but cannot relinquish while repentance and will are left. Then comes back the Holy Spirit of God, with the escort of its pure and faithful ones, to blow the old peal of duty again into the listening soul; and we spring forth, burning to retrieve our reputation of a celestial favor.

READING THE SCRIPTURES.

The value and desirableness of the art of reading well, are never more strikingly suggested than when it is employed in reading the Scriptures aloud. In the sacred desk, or in the social meeting, or at domestic worship, how greatly it adds to the beauty and impressiveness of the service, if the grand and beautiful phraseology of the sacred word, be given forth by a tasteful reader. Good reading is often the best commentary. The shades of thought can be expressed by the inflection and emphasis of a reader that enters into the meaning and spirit of a passage, with a clearness that no exposition would improve. When enunciated rightly, and clothed with devout feeling, what is so striking and so impressive as the words of the Spirit? How inexcusable negligent are most of our pulpit readers. How little of the divine force of the Bible is realized in this part of public worship. And at the fireside, where assembled children listen to the daily perusal of the Bible, how much its solemnity, and attractiveness would be enhanced if read clearly, intelligently and well. No one can read well who does not read understandingly. The passage to be read at church ought to be first studied, and its meaning and spirit clearly possessed. It would not then be an unmeaning service, as it now too often is.

BIBLE IN SPAIN.

Mr. Wallis, in his entertaining *"Glimpses of Spain,"* a new volume which we noticed last week, rather surprises us by the account which he gives of the circulation of the Bible in Spain.

Among the many books in the course of periodical publication, it will surprise the readers of Mr. Borrow to know, that the Bible was one of the most prominent. At every bookstore you might have seen it advertised, in the most flaming letters, at rates to suit purchasers; and there was especially placarded, a fine edition called the *"Biblia pintoresca"* or illustrated Bible, after the fashion of the beautiful work published by the Harpers in this country. To be sure, it was, in all probability, the translation from the Vulgate, which Mr. Borrow would consider no Bible at all: but, inasmuch as the whole Spanish nation happen to differ with him in that particular, it seems but fair to allow them the privilege of reading their own version, instead of hunting up the more orthodox copies, which he dropped on the highways, and in the dens of the gipsy horse-thieves. I may as well say, here, that unless the portions of Spain I visited have changed prodigiously since Mr. Borrow's missionary excursions, there is too much room for ascribing to that graphic and entertaining traveler, the "Munchausenish tendencies," which Blackwood supposes him to possess. According to the testimony of Captain Widdrington, who is a witness both impartial and intelligent, the whole enterprise, in which Mr. Borrow embarked, fell completely through, and altogether from the fact that "nothing was ever conducted, in a manner more likely to insure its certain and inevitable failure." By the Spanish laws, both civil and ecclesiastical, at the time of Mr. Borrow's mission, it was not the printing and distribution of the Bible that was prohibited, but of the Bible without the Apocrypha and annotations. Now, whatever may be the opinions of Protestants in regard to the utility or the canonical value of the Apocryphal books, to have published them, with the rest of the Scriptures, would seem (even if the Spanish laws had been silent on the subject) to have been clearly required, by the very Bible Society principle, which gives the whole of the Sacred Writings to the reader, that he may examine, ponder, and judge for himself. Be that as it may, however—to commence a religious enterprise by violating the law, and to determine that he would circulate his own Bible or none—would seem to have savored, on the part of Mr. Borrow, rather more of the spirit of propagandism, than of an earnest desire to give the word of God to the people. The result was a natural one. The missionary arrayed against himself, at the outset, both the clergy and the government, instead of seeking the co-operation which Captain Widdrington assures us would have been gladly given, under other circumstances. To so impolitic a commencement, the association of Mr. Borrow, principally, with the gipsies—the very *fæx populi* in Spain—and his constant and peculiarly British defiance of all the manners, laws, and customs that contravened his will, certainly gave no favorable direction. The result was, what he has himself admitted, a complete and entire failure. Judging from his books, however, one would suppose that he had shaken the whole Peninsula with a sort of apostolical earthquake. Captain Widdrington says, on the contrary, what I found myself was the case, that "excepting the authorities, with whom Mr. Borrow's operations brought him in contact, hardly any Spaniard I mentioned the subject to, had ever heard either of the expedition or the individual." I saw his name in large letters and in Latin, on the visiter's book at the Alhambra, and I had from Bailly, the very intelligent guide at Seville, a description of some of his gispy-adventures, and of the summary manner in which his Rommany literature, or a part of it, was gotten together. Elsewhere, if I heard of him and what he calls his "buffeting," it was in connection with the homely proverb which is generally applied to those who meddle with what does not concern them ("Other people's troubles slew the donkey".) On the whole, I do not know whether Christopher North's abridgment of what is to be said of him, does not furnish the best conclusion to this little episode. "Notwithstanding his missionary avocations and Munchausenish tendencies, we have a sneaking kindness for friend Borrow, having collected from his writings, that he is a fellow of considerable pluck and energy' of adventurous spirit, with a sharp eye for a good horse, and who would, no doubt, have made an excellent dragoon, had it pleased God to call him to that way of life."

SUPERSTITION IN ITALY AND FRANCE.

It is all but impossible for American Christians, to form any proper conception of the *profound ignorance* which Popery has entailed upon the lower classes in Southern Europe. The following sketch, from the pen of a correspondent of the Evangelical Christendom, will give the reader a faint idea of the abject superstition, which in this enlightened age, holds down the common mind in those countries, in unquestioning servility to an infamous priesthood.

"The day after our arrival in Avignon was Sunday, but the churches were nearly empty. The largest congregation I saw, could not, I think, number above five hundred. Of these, assuredly, nine tenths were women, and even the small sprinkling of the male sex was chiefly composed of old or infirm paupers! I may here mention one thing with which I was much struck, viz., that while Austria and the Tyrol teemed with crucifixes, I could not discover one, except in the churchyards, either in Italy or France.

No outward distinction is made in either country between Sundays and week-days, as to buying and selling. Every shop is open, even during high mass; and in Avignon an ambulatory auctioneeress stood, vociferating her commendations of her various small wares, and knocking them down to the highest bidder, in the middle of the street, at Sunday noon, attended by a much larger concourse than we could discover in any of the churches.

We saw the enclosed blasphemous piece of a spiritual *charlatanerie* eagerly purchased by a population which seem to have cast away all rational tear of God, and to regard religious worship as an antiquated mode, worthy to be scouted as part and parcel of the *ancien regime*."

(TRANSLATION.)

PRAYER.

In the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus Christ. For the honor of God, and the salvation of our souls.

Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, help us. Saviour of the world, save us. Holy Virgin, pray your well-beloved Son for us. Queen of Angels, in the name of the blessed in heaven, help us in the hour of death, when our souls shall quit our bodies. Pray your dear Son to help us, that He will deign to pardon our sins. Amen.

This prayer was found in the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus Christ. Whoever will carry it about with him will not die suddenly, nor be attacked by plague, and will not perish by fire. All who carry it about them need not fear any evil.

PRAYER.

Virgin Mary, Mother of God, full of mercy, fountain of consolation for sinners, and whiter than snow, to you, Queen of Angels, we recommend our souls in the hour of death, to obtain from your dear Son the pardon of our sins. Amen.

This letter was found, wrapped in linen, in the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus Christ, by a priest, after holy mass. Marvellous and astonishing thing! He was greatly surprised when he saw the explanation of this letter. Whoever wears it need not fear plague, nor that he shall be unjustly condemned; he shall not die unconfessed, and need not fear that he shall be falsely accused. If any one is possessed with the devil, put this letter on him, and immediately he shall be delivered. All those who devoutly wear it may be sure of seeing Notre Dame de Bon Secours three hours before death. God have mercy on them!

PRAYER.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help me; Queen of Apostles, Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Prophets and of Patriarchs, Mother of Angels, Consoler of sinners, Light of Confessors, Fountain of Mercy, help me in the hour of death that I may enjoy eternal life. Amen.

This letter of Jesus Christ was found miraculously, in a linen cloth, at Jerusalem, written with his own hand, in golden letters, with a sign of the cross, explained by an orphan child seven years old, who had never spoken, and who expressed himself in these terms:—I warn you that I have given you six days in the week for work, and the seventh for rest. Assist in divine worship, relieve the afflicted. If you follow this rule, your children and your houses will be filled with blessing. Teach the ignorant, console the afflicted, restore sinners, forgive the injuries and bear the faults of your neighbor; feed the hungry, clothe the naked, entertain strangers, visit the sick and the shameless poor, love your country, and live in obedience to its laws. Such are the words of Jesus Christ. You shall fast five Fridays and say five paters and five aves in remembrance of my passion that I endured on the cross for your salvation. You shall carry this letter, written with my own hand, and uttered by my own mouth, with you, in honor of Jesus Christ, in great humility and devotion, giving it to all who wish to carry it, and publishing it and giving a copy of it to all who ask for it; they shall be blessed by me. When they have committed sins numerous as the stars in the firmament, they shall be pardoned, being penitent for having offended God. All who keep it in their houses will never be surprised by the evil one; and when a woman is sick with child, if this letter is put upon her with devotion, immediately she will be delivered; a truth proved by the said letter. Jesus, Mary, Joseph, have pity on me. Let no one doubt the truth of this letter, and those who believe it shall be blessed by me. Amen.

I have put my trust, Virgin, in your aid. Help to defend me. Take care of my days at my last hour. You will fix my state. Make me to die a holy death. [Alliance.

We confess to some curiosity to know to whom we are indebted for the beautiful lines which follow, and others with which we have been previously favored, bearing the same signature. We have not forgotten the moral of the old Greek story of a man bearing a basket covered by a napkin, who, when asked by a clown what it contained, replied: "Do you not observe its contents have been concealed?" Our correspondent has chosen the guise of an anonym, but we submit that we are entitled to a more liberal confidence than the public. [N. Y. Eve. Post.

THE HOURS.

The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar,
Our hearts' deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly in with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne—
The tale is told in Heaven.

And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission flight, by day or night,
No magic powers can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father!
To spend each flying hour,
That, as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower. ORIOLE.

Pittsfield, September, 1849.

PHYSICAL PAIN OF DYING.

In the London Quarterly for October, which we have received from Fetridge & Co., is a curious article on the signs of death. Among other things it speaks thus of the degree of physical pain connected with different forms of death.

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognisance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen,' said William Hunter, 'I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.' 'If this be dying,' said the niece of Newton of Olney, 'it is a pleasant thing to die;' 'the very expression,' adds her uncle, 'which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago.' The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. 'If this be dying,' said Lady Glenorchy, 'it is the easiest thing imaginable.' 'I thought that dying had been more difficult,' said Louis XIV. 'I did not suppose it was so sweet to die,' said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope.

"Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away."

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship: 'No, Thomas,' he replied; 'I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying: and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.'

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More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility. But those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not yet deaf—that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless. When a bystander remarked of Dr. Wollaston that his mind was gone, the expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up. The superior energy of his character was the principal difference between himself and thousands who die and give no open sigh. Their faculties survive, though averse to such inimical exertion, and they badly express the languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Montaigne after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. 'Methought,' he says, 'my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go.' In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored, and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system which have no relation to pain. There is hardly an occasion when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma, which, in fact, is a sufficietly distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the termination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, had a seizure, which all but carried him off, a few months before he succumbed to the disease. A cordial gave him unexpected relief; and his first words were to express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light indeed must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath, since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstacy.

As little is the death-sweat forced out by anguish. Cold as ice, his pulse nearly gone, 'a mortal perspiration ran down the body' of La Boetie, the friend of Montaigne, and it was at this very moment that, roused by the weeping of his relations, he exclaimed, 'Who is it that torments me thus? Why was I snatched from my deep and pleasant repose? Oh! of what rest do you deprive me!' Such fond lamentations disturb many a last moment; and the dying often remonstrate by looks when they cannot by words.

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When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his attendant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smoothe the bed of death; but unreflecting feeling, worse than the want of it in the result, turns it often to a bed of thorns.

It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. 'I am under no terror,' he said; 'I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects.' Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, 'Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees.' The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:—

'His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!'

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is nothing painful in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of a dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting; and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hail and farewell. 'Good day and adieu,' said he; 'it will be a very long adieu,'—and instantly died.

In sudden death which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same. Some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life; some with a half-completed sentence on their lips; some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound, many with a single sigh, many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances there are two or three minutes of contest and distress, and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of the attack there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But upon the whole there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared. When there are only a few beats of the pulse, pnd a few heavings of the bosom between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious frame.

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Of the trials to be undergone before dying sets in, everybody, from personal experience or observation of disease, has formed a general idea. Duration is an element as important as intensity, and slow declines, which are not accompanied by any considerable suffering, put patience and fortitude to a severe test. 'My friends,' said *the* Fontenelle, a short time before he died, 'I have no pain,—only a little difficulty in keeping up life;' but this little difficulty becomes a great fatigue when protracted without intermission through weeks and months. More, the Platonist, who was afflicted in this way, described his feelings by the expressive comparison that he was as a fish out of its element, which lay tumbling in the dust of the street. With all the kindness bestowed upon the sick, there is sometimes a disposition to judge them by the standard of our own healthy sensations, and blame them for failings which are the effects of disease. We complain that they are selfish, not always remembering that it is the importunity of suffering which makes them exacting; we call them impatient—forgetful that, though ease can afford to wait, pain craves immediate relief; we think them capricious, and overlook that fancy pictures solace in appliances which aggravate upon trial, and add disappointment to distress. There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts itself to the ordinary exigencies of life, and if surprised by evils with which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength, the firmest nerve and the sunniest temper are overcome by the sudden violence of the assault. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up with well-ordered minds a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick-room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality [illegible] our own.

After these remarks the Quarterly speaks of the different kinds of violent death. Drowning is wholly without pain, and sometimes accompanied by a pleasurable sensation "Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives." All accounts agree, that in hanging, "the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colors of various hues start up before the sight, and that these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion." The pain of burning, if instantaneous, as usually is the case with those consumed in their dwellings, would be slight, but as a protracted method of execution it was exceedingly cruel.

Worse than the halter, axe, or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire, which a wind blew aside, nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of faggots hindered the flames ascending, and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unsinged. Ridley yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake to which he was chained. For three-quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as quietly as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitterer cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonising and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting which, owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.

MEMORY.

How awful is the conviction, that the Book of Judgment is that of our life, in which every idle word is recorded, and that no power but His who made the soul, can obliterate our ideas and our deeds from our remembrance, or blot our transgressions, and purify our spirits from the actual in-dwelling of evil thoughts!

Every individual experience amply testifies that the forgotten incidents of long-past years require only the touch of the kindling spirit to start up, in all their pristine fulness, before us. How often do we remember having re-organized, in our dreams, those feelings and circumstances which had been lost to our waking consciousness, in the accumulated events which passing time had impressed upon our minds! And although we cannot say that we acknowledge, as belonging to our own actual experience, all the visionary combinations which are thus presented to our notice in dreams, we yet feel that every object in them is familiar to our knowledge. Some persons, as we have said, on the near approach of death, have spoken of the incidents of their lives as being simultaneously presented before them, as if in a magic mirror, every line, as if fixed upon a tablet by the light, exactly as the revealing light fell on it. The portrait of the soul is the perfect reflection of itself, and every man must see his own character, thus forever visible to the eye of God, and probably, hereafter to angels and to men!

* * * * *

Reason and revelation agree in asserting, that absolute forgetfulness, or obliteration, is impossible; and that all the events of our history are written in our living spirit; and whether seen, or unseen, will there *for ever remain*, unless removed by the act of a merciful Omnipotence!

It is true that a thousand incidents will spread a veil between our present consciousness and the record on the soul—but there the record rests, waiting the judgment of God. These sublime facts deeply warn us as to the manner in which we suffer our faculties to be engaged, not only as their exercise affects ourselves, but also in their influence on the destiny of others. * *

Memory, indeed seems intended to qualify us to treasure impressions in all worlds, and to carry on the record and history of our feelings from time to eternity. But if the experience on earth is to be our all, then memory is without a sufficient purpose. Is death, indeed, to end the scene in perpetual oblivion? Is knowledge itself, though the result of a laborious life of attention and of effort, to close forever, like a beautiful symphony, significant of richer harmony to come, but yet terminating, we know not why, in abrupt and eternal silence? Is the stream to be lost, not in the ocean, but in nothing? No. The everlasting future grows upon the past—remembrance is the basis of eternal knowledge. In fact, the full purpose of any one of our intellectual endowments does not appear to be fulfilled in the limited and broken exercise which is afforded to it in the present stage of being, since the utmost advantage we derive from the employment of our faculties now, is to become religious, that is, to be re-bound to the worship and enjoyment of God. Can it be that this re-binding of the prodigal soul to the Eternal Father is only for death, like the victim bound to the altar, to be sacrificed and consumed to ashes, from which no Phœnix-life arises?—*Power of the Soul over the Body, by George Moore, M. D.*

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

From the New York Evangelist.

[For remarks on this article see inside.]

A STATEMENT OF THE ARGUMENT.

We are not to consider the doctrine of the Trinity, nor even that of the divinity of our Saviour. We will call him simply the Messiah; and our object will be to ascertain the nature of his sufferings, and the relation they stand in to the salvation of men.

1. The Messiah is represented in the New Testament as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world; as our passover sacrificed for us; as dying for all; as made sin, or a sin-offering, for us; as giving himself for our sins; as our peace, our propitiation, and as bringing us nigh to God by his blood; as one through whose blood we have redemption, even the forgiveness of sins; as a high priest, superior to the priests under the Jewish economy, needing not daily, as those, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's;—for this he did once when he offered up himself; as once offered to bear the sins of many; as taking away the ineffectual sacrifices of the Mosaic law, and offering himself, the efficacious and all-sufficient sacrifice for sins; as bearing our sins in his own body on the tree; and so on, in many passages of the like import.

We are thus carried back to the ancient sacrifices under the Jewish law. The modes of representation, the peculiar terms of language, all carry us back there. The sacrifice or offering up of the Messiah upon the cross may have a much higher value—may stand in higher relations—as will indeed appear in the sequel—but it is plain that there is applied to his death the general idea of sacrifice contained in the Mosaic economy. In the matter of atonement, propitiation, purification, averting divine judgments and legal penalties, the one is made to answer to the other. The first may be typical, limited in their bearing and efficacy; the second, the fulfilment of all types, the real sacrifice connected with ultimate ends, and of exhaustless efficacy; but they are plainly the same in kind, that is, the offering up a victim in some sense, to the Divine Being; the same in idea, that is, the making an atonement in some sense, for the sins of men. Hence:

2. In order to comprehend the nature of the sacrifice of the Messiah, we must go back to the Mosaic sacrifices, to collect the idea there expressed. The antitype will be known through the type; the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, will be known in the lamb which was sacrificed on the Jewish altar, as a sin offering for an offence committed under that dispensation.

The Mosaic sacrifices were of three kinds: First, the holocausts or whole burnt-offerings, where the victim was entirely consumed upon the altar.

Secondly, Those, where besides something offered up to God upon the altar, a portion was also eaten by the priests.

Thirdly. Those where besides what was offered upon the altar, and what was eaten by the priest, a portion was also eaten by him who made the sacrifice.

Now, in these sacrifices there appears prominently the idea of making an expiation, of removing guilt, of averting penalty and securing forgiveness, of making an atonement and establishing a covenant of reconciliation and peace. This can be shown from numerous passages. For example, take Lev. 6: 1–7. This is a case of a trespass against the Lord, by lying, deception and wrong practiced against a neighbor. Here, besides confessing the sin, and making a restitution of the principal, and a fifth part more added thereto, a ram was brought as a trespass-offering, to the priest, to be sacrificed. "And the priest shall make an atonement for him before the Lord; and it shall be forgiven him for anything of all that he has done in trespassing therein."

The Jewish state was manifestly a theocracy in which the Divine moral code was applied as a civil code. It was a limited, visible divine moral government—Jehovah himself being the King or Chief Magistrate. The law here had special temporal penalties annexed, in order to its purposes as a civil code. It was in reference to these penalties that sacrifices were made. They were efficacious to remove the guilt of the soul before the great eternal judgment seat of the Most High; but they were efficacious to remove the guilt incurred under the idea of civil penalty. Now,

3. We undertake to prove that the Mosaic sacrifices had a vicarious import. We use the term *vicarious*, as expressing simply the fact that the death and offering up of the victim, accompanied by all other proper acts, as the confession of sin, and making of restitution, was accepted under the Jewish theocracy, *in stead of* the legal punishment of the offender. In cases where all the rights and privileges of citizenship would have been forfeited, these were retained. In cases where life would have been forfeited, the life of the offender was spared. In cases where signal divine judgments would have been inflicted, or where they had already commenced, they were averted or removed. But,

4. These sacrifices, inasmuch as they were limited in their ritual efficacy to civil guilt and civil penalties, failed to purify the conscience. They did not remove guilt, as it stood charged before the high judgment seat of God, in his great universal and eternal moral government. This appears from the confession and prayer of David, in Psalm 21; also from Psalm 50, and from other passages in the Old Testament. Here a real rectitude of the heart, and not a mere civil purification, is insisted upon.]

The same truth appears yet more clearly in the New Testament, and particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. "For it is not possible that the blood of bulls, and of goats, should take away sins." See Heb. 10: 1, 14. Hence,

5. We have brought to light another and more perfect sacrifice. It is intimated, first of all, in the prophecies respecting the Messiah. Of these the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is the most clear and pointed. The Messiah here is described as wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace is upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.—The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He is represented as making his soul an *offering for sin*; as bearing the sin of many, and making intercession for the transgressors.

Now our argument is, that when we come to the New Testament, we find Christ there presented in relation to the great and universal moral government of God, analogous to that which the Mosaic sacrifices held in relation to the Jewish theocracy. He himself is both the High Priest and the victim; and he once for all offered himself a sacrifice adequate to the moral wants of humanity. The Mosaic sacrifices were "a figure for the time then present, in which were offered both gifts and sacrifices, that could not make him that did the sacrifice perfect, as pertaining to the conscience: which stood in meats and drinks and carnal ordinances, imposed until

if the missionary should once put a stumbling-block before their weak consciences, by placing intoxicating drinks upon his table, a flood of intemperance, with all its crimes, would come upon the infant church, and spread over India, and all their missionary efforts would end (on the whole) as a curse and not a blessing to the country.—[New York Observer.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, December 8, 1849.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

We have published on our first page an article on this subject from the New York Evangelist. We wish that it contained a more distinct and formal definition of the doctrine in question.—But in a previous article, which was copied into the Register of Oct. 20th, the Evangelist said; "the great end of the [Christ's] sacrifice was not to make God pitiful, loving and gracious to man. He was always pitiful, loving and gracious. His own love provided the sacrifice. The great end was to make it consistent with law, justice, and moral order, for him to pardon sinners, to give them healing and subjective grace, a to transform them into children of the light." "The sacrificial atonement was the necessary ground and preliminary of the subjective atonement." That is, if we understand it, without the vicarious atonement made by Christ, man could not, consistently with "law, justice, and moral order," become, through repentance, conversion, justification and sanctification, a fit subject for the divine mercy and forgiveness. The death of Christ was not necessary in order to reconcile God to man, but in order that man might be reconciled to God.

The argument in the article before us, which we hope those of our readers who are interested in the discussion will examine with care, is briefly this. Christ is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. But in order to understand the sense in which this and other similar New Testament expressions are used, we must go back and ascertain the meaning of the ancient sacrifices under the Jewish law; for "there is applied to his [Christ's] death the general idea of sacrifice contained in the Mosaic economy."—What then is the meaning of the Jewish sacrifices? First, they were of an expiatory nature, "not efficacious in removing the guilt of the soul" before God, but in averting civil penalties. Secondly, if indeed the idea is not implied in the first, the sacrifices had a vicarious import. "The death and offering up of the victim, accompanied by all other proper acts, as the confession of sin, and the making of restitution, was accepted under the Jewish theocracy *instead* of the legal [civil] punishment of the offender." But these sacrifices failed to purify the conscience, and therefore there was provided "another and more perfect sacrifice," which should stand in a relation to the great and universal moral government of God analogous to that which the Mosaic sacrifices held in relation to the Jewish theocracy."

Now, admitting that the Jewish sacrifices had an expiatory or vicarious import, it does not therefore follow that our Saviour's death had; still less that it had this vicarious import with modifications so important as those suggested by the Evangelist. But we leave these points of the argument, and for the present confine ourselves to that which lies behind them, the real meaning of the Jewish sacrifices.

We do not find, either in the article before us or in the sacred writings, any satisfactory evidence that these sacrifices were ever *strictly* expiatory or vicarious. Under the Jewish theocracy, it was of the utmost consequence, that the sense of direct accountability to God in all civil matters, should be kept constantly alive in the minds of the people. Hence the priests were appointed as mediators between them and God. Hence sacrifices were instituted, or rather continued as a most solemn religious act, connecting them directly with God, and leading them to associate the most important events and actions of their lives with Him. Thus the birth of a child, the recovery from a loathsome disease, the ingathering of the harvest, were to connect them with God by sacrifices. Particular seasons of the year, the anniversary of remarkable events, as at the feasts of the Passover and of Tabernacles, were to be observed by sacrifices. Sins, though committed in ignorance, were to be followed by sacrifices which should show the sanctity of law and the reality of God's presence. Even where a suspicion of crime fell on those who were innocent, they were to express their horror of sin, and thus confirm the sanctity of the law, by calling on God through the solemnity of a sacrifice. A remarkable regulation of this kind is given in Deuteronomy, xxi. 1—8, where the suspected, though innocent, washing their hands over the victim, shall say, "Our hands have not shed this blood, neither have our eyes seen it. Be *merciful*, O Lord, unto thy people Israel, whom though hast redeemed: and lay not innocent blood unto thy people of Israel's charge." And the blood shall be *forgiven* them. It is worthy of note that the Hebrew word here rendered by the terms *be merciful* and *forgiven*, is the same as that rendered *make an atonement*, Leviticus iv. 20.

In correspondence with this general use of sacrifices, where a man had been guilty of sin, it was not enough, as in the passage quoted by the Evangelist, Lev: vi. 1—7, that he should restore what he had taken wrongfully; but in the most solemn way, by a public sacrifice, he was to confess his guilt, and call on God to witness the sincerity of his repentance, and to forgive his sin. By this most formal, public and solemn act, the sacredness of the law was preserved, while its extreme severity may in some cases have been remitted. In other words, there were cases—it was not allowed in all crimes—there were cases in which the transgressor was permitted to choose whether he would undergo the extreme penalty of the law, or make abundant restitution accompanied in sacrifice by a public, formal, humiliating confession of sin.

This is our view of the Jewish sacrifices.—Under the theocracy they were the most solemn acts of mediation between the people and their only recognized Sovereign. We do not say that the worshippers never attributed to them a meaning beyond this. They who, after the thunders of Sinai, could in the forty days' absence of Moses, submit to worship a golden calf, would often attach a superstitious, or at least erroneous meaning to their own religious rites. But the view which we have given is that which we gather from a comparison of the different passages relating to sacrifices which we find in the Mosaic writings; and we believe that it is confirmed by the conditions of pardon which we find expressed in other passages of Scripture, but particularly in the Psalms and the later prophets; where the state of the heart and life is represented as the one condition of pardon and acceptance. See, for example, Psalm li.; Ezekiel xviii. 27, 28; Isaiah, lviii.

We thus recognize in the Jewish sacrifices a double purpose; first a public, solemn recognition of God's sovereignty, connected in the case of a sin-offering with the recognition of the sanctity of the law which had been violated; and, secondly, the influence of such an act on the mind of the worshipper. The two purposes were indeed inseparably united, since only through the recognition of God's sovereignty and the sanctity of his law, could the mind of the worshipper be rightly affected.

Now, how shall we apply this to Christ our sacrifice? With the Evangelist, we recognize in his humiliation and death a profounder meaning than we can find otherwise than obscurely shadowed forth in the Jewish law. We believe that in the moral economy of the universe his death was necessary to our salvation. If it were needed as an expiatory sacrifice, to remove some obstruction otherwise lying in the way of man's redemption,—if this were necessary, we believe that it has been done; for we believe that every thing needful for our salvation has been accomplished. But we feel in our own hearts no such necessity, and we do not find it recognized in the Scriptures. How then is Christ the lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world? He has come, by his life and death, to establish, as was never done before, the paternal sovereignty of God and the sanctity of his law, and at the same time by all that is most affecting in his life, and especially in his death and resurrection, to act on our hearts and awaken in us a sense of our own sinfulness, a longing to escape from it, a passionate desire for pardon and acceptance with God, a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, till through him and the influence of the Holy Spirit, there is quickened within us a new and divine life. Thus Christ is by God made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Thus he taketh away the sins of the world; he is "our passover, sacrificed for us," "dying for all," "made sin, or a sin-offering for us," "our peace, our propitiation, bringing us nigh to God by his blood," "bearing our sins in his own body on the tree." There is no one of these expressions which does not come home to our hearts with a most affecting power. We love to approach our Savior under these different terms of reverential endearment. All that was needed for our salvation, even to the agony of the garden and the shedding of his blood upon the cross, he has done. We would not undertake to explain too minutely the whole process by which the way for our redemption has been prepared; but rather in simplicity and faith would we accept Christ as our Redeemer, sure that by giving ourselves up to him and obeying him, we shall find that he is to us "the resurrection and the life."

We have here rested our whole argument on the meaning of the Jewish sacrifices, because in the article which we are reviewing that seems to us the one essential point.

WINTER.

Winter is returning with its duties, its privations, its pleasures, and its moral lessons; for it has them all. Some of its best influences come from its hardships. Its severity is a healthful discipline, and the same breath that freezes the body, by a singular inconsistency warms the heart.

"Do not scorn
My age; nor think if I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use: 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth;
My frosts and snows do purify the air
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair;
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
'Tis me I warm in bounteous charity,
[illegible]
Bring you to the happy shades of paradise."

It is winter that makes the home. In a southern climate, where simply to breathe the air is a luxury, where, excepting through the mid-day heats, there is no need of protection, where, morning and evening, one is ever tempted abroad, and to be shut up within the walls of a house is as if one were enclosed in a prison, that which we understand by the word home cannot exist. All pleasures and comforts are associated with the open air. The house is a mere place where a certain number of persons sleep and eat. The out-of-door life precludes those in-door pleasures with which we are familiar.

It is under sterner skies, amidst storm, and snow, and cold, that the true home is built up. The members of a family take refuge from the inclemency abroad in the common dwelling. There is the place of all domestic pleasures; there around the fire-side, friends and neighbors meet; and there, within the sheltering walls, while the frosty winds or driving sleet strive in vain to force an entrance, they create an Italy and an East of their own. Where nature is frozen, the human heart finds a climate of genial and loving affections.

"Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light the melancholy day."

The home is our northern privilege. Let much be made of it. Let the young find in its sacred enclosure its best pleasures, and thus let their virtuous principles be rooted among their memories of happy early days.

With winter the wants of the poor become more urgent. One of the first duties of the season, for those who have the means, is to relieve those who are in destitution. Probably there are few of our readers who cannot recall those in their near neighborhood, who are dragging on a wretched existence, deprived of nearly all that we deem essential to human comfort—some poor widow, shivering over a cold hearth-stone, some sick person unable to procure the delicacies which sickness demands, some aged person whose friends are dead or gone, and who, bowed down with infirmities, may often spend weeks at a time without a visiter crossing the threshold. In this hard and inclement season, so far as you have the power, see to it that no deserving person about you suffers for lack of food, or fuel, or raiment.

"Look on the poor
With gentle eyes, for, in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms."

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

We are quite sure that by all our readers, and especially by those that have read "Martyria" and "Euthanasy," the following extracts from private letters, received by one of the Editors from the author of those works, will be welcomed and enjoyed. He is now on his way to America,—a country to which, with its institutions, he has had an almost passionate attachment from his childhood, and which he now visits for the first time. His parish is at Kingswood, near Birmingham.

"Channing has been the salvation of us English Presbyterians; or rather he will be. For though Channing himself is loved among us, and his writings very popular, there is much in us yet, that Channing would have been astounded at, had he lived to visit us again."

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"I have told you before how long and tender my fondness for America has been. It is a country which, in imagination, I used to roam over, when a boy, and tell tales about to my school-fellows. It is a country I now look to with some holy feeling as the refuge of persons, who had gone from England in the wicked Jacobite times—i. e. (what you won't know perhaps,) from 1790 to 1820, at the beginning of which period, Priestley came over to New England. At that time my grandfather was one of a number, who had engaged to defend their meeting-house, and the meeting-house where I now preach, was burned down at that time.—But those bad times are quite gone over, you will think; no! it is only we are grown more patient, or submissive rather: and for one reason and another, we are a little more helpless. Perhaps we Non-conformists have not been as faithful as we ought to have been. This strain I have run into, from finding myself, on coming here, heir to a little struggle with the church powers that be."

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So you may imagine what your New England is to me, and reasonably so. It is a country, I could be free in. And so, though America is so far off, yet because it is open to me, to come to, I feel less hopelessly oppressed, than I otherwise should. America, the United States, your America, is the hope of the world; and without it to think of, I should almost despair sometimes. So now, perhaps, you can understand what a joy, almost a solemn joy it is, when I have any token that shows me thought of in your New—and better—England, I was almost going to say."

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"The thick darkness of our spiritual world is beginning to clear a little. And indeed it is quite time it should. Only think that a most influential minister has lately held that religion and morality are the same thing! As though God were really no more than a very, very great man!

"Periodicals are luxuries which I do not indulge in. Some while ago I used to have the Christian Examiner; and it had a very beneficial influence on me at an important time in my mental history. There has lately been published a book, 'The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations,' which will be largely read, and be of influence in certain circles. To me the book is wanting in homogeneity: which is a token of many other deficiencies. The book is best in those respects in which it is likest 'Barclay's Apology.' It is a good book, and a bad book: it is more exactly a bad good book. But it will be largely influential as coming from the brother of the once Puseyite and now Roman Catholic Newman.

"In two or three weeks I will send you copies of 'Beauties of Channing,' (not my title) with an essay prefixed, which is mine. Channing will be the regeneration of our English religion yet. But the difficulty is to get his works read by those who most ought to read them. I suppose Dr. Arnold never read a sentence of Dr. Channing's.

"What times these are to live in, for us Europeans! Mighty forces are struggling together, but alas! blindly. There are questions, here in England, that I have heard asking for answers, these five years: and now their tones are becoming solemn; but they are minded by few or none: but they are what will have to be attended to soon, and perhaps it will be in haste and dread, and so in folly and misery. A happy people you of the States are!"

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"In your American newspapers, it is a peculiarity,—to us English people,—the publishing of the Editor's names. A slight, and perhaps cause, of greater editorial honesty than is common in England. But indeed in a Republic political writers necessarily stand higher than they do under a Monarchy, as they render more effective service, and such service as the writer's personal character avails him in. But this and a thousand other matters I hope to come and judge upon for myself."

YOUNG MEN IN BOSTON.

THEIR DANGER AND ITS REMEDY.

An engagement in a neighboring State carried us, on the day before Thanksgiving, on one of the principal routes of homeward holiday travel from this city. The cars were crowded with young men, natives of the country, but in business here; and, as we are familiar with the frank, guileless, ingenuous air with which a well-nurtured youth usually goes from home, we attempted to mark the change that had come over the countenance and manner of this and that among the number, in consequence of city experiences and associations. In not a few we could trace with comfortable assurance the ripening of good dispositions into firm principles, and felt that we were in the presence of pure, true, upright men. Of others, we were certain that they were favorite clerks or adroit salesmen. We could see that they had taken kindly to the day-book, and had learned the application to Mammon of the first commandment of the decalogue; but, except where there was a twinkle or a grin of low cunning, their faces were as rayless as the leaves of a cancelled ledger. These young men will never be dissipated, for they will grudge the cost of vice; but we verily believe that the generous victim of sinful appetite has higher claims upon human regard, and is less far from heaven, than he, in whose heart the demon of avarice creates a desert so barren that no other evil spirit can live there. Others had manifestly become the prey of sensuality, and its plague-spot was already on some faces still young enough to have set for pictures of angels. How many of this class are every year carrying home broken constitutions and ruined characters, to drag out a wretched life as cumberers of the ground, or to sink into early graves dug by their own profligacy! And does a young man return, after a few years' residence in Boston, with the seeds of incurable vice? The whole blame is cast upon influences that begun to operate after his leaving home,—upon the companionships, amusements, and temptations of the great city. This, however, is but a partial view of the case. In every instance of successful temptation, the tempted person himself is the most important and influential party. The character yields to the enticements of a new place of residence, because it was all ready to yield before,—because it had no virtue of its own, but was innocent only from restraint or lack of opportunity; probably was innocent only as to the forms of vice, and familiar with evil in reverie, anticipation and intention.

We say this deliberately, and as the result of our own quite extended observation. We have known scores, we might almost say, hundreds, of youth, whom lack of suitable employment in their native place has drawn to our large cities; and of these, there has hardly been one, whose history after leaving home we could not have predicted from the style of character which he carried with him. Almost all have gone indeed with what is called an unblemished reputation; but many, from homes unblessed by the institutions of domestic piety, or by the example of rigid, independent, conscientious virtue. In too many families, love of approbation and pride of appearance are the only motives ever appealed to, in behalf of goodness, while the parents themselves practice just those virtues which are essential to a good name, and are particularly assiduous in their observance of that mysterious precept of Solomon, "Be not righteous over much." Many sincerely Christian people also pay exceedingly little heed to the culture of conscience in their children. Their own approval and the good words of good people are the rewards of excellence kept most prominent before the minds of the young. A youth thus educated presents all the superficial appearances of virtue, so long as he depends on the esteem of the little home circle. The desire to please bears first fruits, that work amazingly like those, which ought to ripen from the fear of God and the sanctions of religion. But when he changes his position, and falls among those of unscrupulous morality, the same desire to please leads him ambitiously to conform to their loose maxims, to ape their profane or impure speech, to emulate their free indulgences, to follow them over the border-ground of absolute vice. Such a youth may be laughed out of his whole stock of goodness in a fortnight, and may owe his ruin to the very precepts that had been urged upon him from his infancy,—to the parasitic character, which had been formed and sedulously cherished by parents who thought that they had assured his being a good man, because he had never been a bad boy.

One of the most solemn and pregnant texts in the Bible is this: "Joash did that which was right in the sight of the Lord all the days of Jehoiada the priest." Holy a man as Jehoiada was, we have always supposed that there was something fundamentally wrong in his mode of educating the young king. He probably sought to retain his own hold upon the king's mind, rather than to transfer that hold to the monitor within and the Father above,—to make his own approval necessary rather than that of God,—to keep his pupil in his own leading strings, rather than to fasten upon the young man's mind a purchase round the throne of the Eternal. And after the death of the old priest, precisely the same thing took place with Joash, which takes place with the well-behaving, but not conscientious young men who resort to our cities. "The friends of Judah came and made obeisance to the king; the king hearkened unto them; and they left the house of the Lord God of their fathers, and served groves and idols." He could not stand alone.—He needed approbation and flattery. Jehoiada had praised his good deeds; but those that remained nearest to him had their adulation ready only for impiety and apostacy. Happy the youth, who has a Jehoiada to guide his first steps, and to point out the perils of the way as it opens.—Blessed of heaven is the Jehoiada, who knows how so to execute its office, as to make it needless when youth verges towards manhood, and the due season of self-guidance is at hand.

We are sure that we do not under-estimate the moral dangers that beset a young man, thrown from the watchful discipline of a Christian home upon a great and a strange world. We know well "the pestilence that walketh in darkness,—the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." But we believe that there is a preparation of spirit, which feels none of these things as temptations, and rather ignores them and passes them by than overcomes them. There are young men, whom we would trust "where Satan's seat is," and should feel as sure of their purity, as if they were surrounded by the most virtuous influences. And to parents, who would prepare their children [illegible] the trials, which have proved fatal to so many, we would say: "cultivate in your child, above all things, a sacred reverence for conscience as the ultimate appeal in every question of conduct, and for the scriptures as the only text-book for the education of conscience. Shun the soul-destroying heresy of those, whose cardinal law is: Follow your instincts,—take without questioning the way which promises the fairest. Give your own approval a secondary place in your child's regard. Cite for him a "Thus saith the Lord," in lieu of your own opinion. Make him early familiar with the Saviour's example, and help him early to answer the question, What would Jesus have been, or said, or done, in circumstances like mine? Let the spirit of sincere and habitual devotion pervade your household. Let him join with you in the supplications of the family altar, and impress upon him the duty, open to him the priceless privilege, of secret prayer. Let him see in yourselves the example of constant reference to the standard of eternal right in the divine law. Hallow the sabbath and teach him to hallow it. Make it as happy a day as it is holy, and associate with its religious observance every thing that can deprive it of austerity and add to its cheerfulness. By your own unvarying attendance and unwearied interest, cherish his respect for the services and ordinances of religion. Let him thus go from you, with tastes, principles and habits all conformed, (so far as they can be by the spirit of your own lives and the order of your household,) not to any lax æsthetic notions of yesterday, but to that dear old New England piety, which recent religious fashions only make more rich and beautiful in the contrast. Thus furnished for the encounter with temptation, he may stand where thousands fall around him, and may become a centre of blessed influence for those, who go from less religious homes and less judicious nurture.

NOTE-WORTHY TEXTS—NO. II.

EPHESIANS i. 4, 5.—"According as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love: Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children, by Jesus Christ, to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will."

The perversion of this passage from its original meaning, to make it subserve the purpose of extending support to the Calvinistic dogma of Predestination, is one of the most glaring instances of unauthorized rendering on record. Words were never written that stood in more immediate and necessary connection with the general train of reasoning going before and coming after them; or that more absolutely required a reference to the whole construction of the context for their elucidation. The epistle to the Ephesians is essentially congratulatory. As far at least, as the end of the third chapter, it consists of an animated, a rapid, and somewhat rhetorical address to the Church at Ephesus, not exhorting them to duty so much as giving them joy and commendation for what they have done. And what they had done was this specific thing;—they had refused and rejected the Jewish assumption that the favor of God was limited to the Hebrew people, and conditioned on the observance of the Mosaic rites (*ethe*). Paul does not here set himself so much to a formal and systematic argumentation of this great question of the first Christian controversy,—as he has in the epistles to the Romans and the Galatians,—as to assure the Ephesians they stand right in regard to it, and to encourage them in their steady assertion of the equal claim of the Gentiles. What he urges other churches to do, he applauds this one for having done. He intermingles just as little logic as he can, consistently with the structure of his mind. Still this is his theme: the one thing he is concerned with is the position assumed by the Ephesian Church *on this question*, and his special aim is to strengthen them in it. The passage in question occurs in the middle of one of those long involved parenthetic periods (hyperbata,) extending in this case from v. 3, to v. 14, which characterize Paul's writings. But it is exactly in the line of his thought. His point is, that the Gentiles, on conversion, come into inheritance and every blessing under the Gospel dispensation on precisely the same terms with the Jew. The Jew held that by all the numerous passages of the elder Scripture, wherein his nation is called by God the "chosen (elect) people," he is entitled to the sole and exclusive honor of "Son-ship." (*whiothesian*) "Israel is my son, even my first-born." (Exod. iv. 22.) It is directly in the path of Paul's train of remark to declare that, by priority of appointment, under a pre-Abrahamic covenant, from all eternity, the counsels of God had designed the sincere and faithful Gentile converts to partake in all the rights and privileges that come "by Jesus Christ," on equal terms with the Israelites, whose pride was in the Mosaic law and ordinances. With what confidence the Jews felt themselves authorized to assert this exclusive title to "adoption," may be judged from Rom. ix: 4. "Before the foundation of the world," is unquestionably "before the origin of the Judaistic system and polity." Regarded in the light of this clear and simple intention of the apostle, nothing can be plainer than that the passage has no more to do with the general dogmas conveyed in the twentieth and thirty-fourth questions of the Westminster Catechism, and their answers, than it has with the forty-seventh Proposition in Euclid.

"The flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego."

Is it not always so? Under the government of God, the real victims are those who do, not those who suffer wrong,—the slanderers, not the slandered,—the envious, not the envied,—the malicious, not the innocent objects of malevolence. In our day public opinion kindles the furnace the most like Nebuchadnezzar's. At uncertain intervals, this furnace is "seven times heated," and the decree goes forth to cast into it all, who will not bow down to the last made idol of gilded clay that the multitude see fit to worship. But the very person least affected by this process is he, who takes his stand on the reserved rights of conscience, and says, "I will not bow down, nor worship, cost what it may." In the justifying witness in his own heart, there is one with him in the furnace "like unto the Son of God." And when the gilding wears off from the idol, and the clay itself begins to crumble, he comes out, not only unscathed, but approved and honored of all men, while those, who stood at the mouth of the furnace to throw him in, find their own characters sadly scorched and blackened, their self-respect wretchedly impaired, and their popularity, which they perhaps prize still more, not sufficient to promote them even to the executioner's office, when a new idol is made and a new fire kindled.

PROGRESSIVE SANCTIFICATION.

In speaking of Unitarians, a religious periodical says, "Progressive sanctification, the sorrows and the joys of the Christian life, are no part of their spiritual history." How little the writer of these words must have known of our religious experience, or the character of our preaching! If there is any one thing which we insist upon above all other things, and strive, we trust not without success, to realize in our hearts and lives, it is this "progressive sanctification." We regard all circumstances, events, trials, hopes, joys, fears and sorrows, as wasted and lost upon us, unless they help to establish in us the Kingdom of God more and more, and contribute to our growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a longing for this that gives depth and fervency to our prayers; it is the fear of not thus advancing that makes us sometimes look in upon ourselves disconsolate and sick at heart, and it is the consciousness of having attained to some higher religious experience that at times fills us with such unwonted gladness. There is among us less perhaps of a disposition to speak on these subjects than with most other denominations. We feel as if the inmost experience of our souls were too sacred to be talked about except in the most intimate confidence of devout affection. The holy of holies in the Jewish temple was not laid open to the public eye. There must be, except at rare intervals, a veil drawn over our inmost religious experience. Yet God is there, administering to our spiritual life, communing with us in our deepest emotions, and imparting to us even through the severity of our struggles something of his own divine peace. May we be more true to the impulse of these hallowed moments! May our whole lives be more in harmony with our holiest convictions! Here is the great conflict—to bring our lives up to the level of our best thoughts and our highest longings—to have the whole of life penetrated and sanctified by the spirit, whose in-breathings upon our souls we so gladly welcome in our most privileged moments. There is enough to make us humble, to fill us often with penitence and contrition; we have no disposition to boast of our attainments; but it would be ingratitude not to confess, that there is much to encourage and inspire us in our Christian course.

TO MEN OF LEISURE.

ANTIQUE DESCRIPTION OF A BORE.

An anonymous writer in 1620 has left a long discourse on the subject of *visiting*, from which we discover that though visiting has ever been considered as standing in a close relation to a weakness of the feminine character, the force of example had even then produced a strong taste for it in the males. Our moralist declares:—"It is a wonder to see what multitudes there be of all sorts, that make this their only business, and, in a manner, spend their whole time in compliment, as if they were born to no other end, bred to no other purpose, had nothing else to do, than to be a kind of living, walking ghosts, to haunt and persecute others with unnecessary observation. Some go abroad, and God knows the *visited* be not beholden to them. For if these giddy goers be forced to give a reason for their wheeling up and down the streets, their answer is they know not how else to pass their time. And how tedious it is for a man that accounts his hours to be subject to these vacancies, and apply himself to lose a day with such time-passers, who neither come for business, nor out of true friendship, but only to spend the day! How hard a task this is, those that be haunted with these spirits do so sensibly feel that I am loth to enlarge their torture; but only advise *you*, to let you know, who profess to pass your time with the loss of mine, that as your visitations be unprofitable to yourselves, so they be tedious and burthensome unto me. And if that serve not the turn against these untimely visits,—then bolt the door, or hide myself!—which shift I have known many put to, for want of other defence."

A NEW GNOSIS.

It is certain that metaphysical tastes and abstract thinking have not died out in New England. The author of this little pamphlet attempts to scale heights, which make the reader's brain dizzy, if they do not his own. The tract contains what may be described as a theory of the unfolding of the universe—spiritual and material—from the Supreme intelligence. Whether the writer has accomplished his purpose or not, the reader is compelled to acknowledge the presence of a mind of great subtlety and vigor. The author should have been born in Germany. He is as fearless and acute as the most daring thinkers of that land, and as competent as any of them to be the head of a philosophical school.

Whether this is a good theory of the universe we are not, at this present writing, competent to say; but it is, at any rate, a grand poem put into logical formulas. As an illustration of this we copy a note which might have come from Milton, or the introduction to Faust.

"At the word, Inspection of Arms! I have seen innumerable rammers, revolving in the hand, reflect at the same moment the rays of the morning sun. In the beginning of time the Almighty assumed the command of his army in person: he uttered his voice before his host; he gave the word of command, IHI AOR! and immediately there rolled from the infinite abyss under darkness, this immeasurable universe of revolving worlds, dilating itself like an avalanche of visible glory through inexhaustible spheres. There was the ringing crash of the jubilant creation, and afterward fixed order, and a silence that might be felt; for in this crash, the relations of time and space had thundered into being." P. 5.

[For the Register.]

IRREVERENCE.

In your paper last week, the subject of Irreverence was treated with great wisdom and beauty; and it was presented in such a varied manner that there were few readers who did not acquiesce in all its principal statements and in most of its exceedingly appropriate illustrations. The last topic especially, on "our rapid growth in knowledge," as one of the present operating causes of Irreverence, was pressed home in a manner not to be evaded. One topic, however, the writer seems to have overlooked,—and, another, as it seemed to us, was pressed somewhat too far. Give us space to say a few words on each of these

The topic overlooked relates to the character of our Republican and Religious institutions.—These are unfavorable to the growth of an outward or formal manifestation of the reverential feeling. In the old countries, the Catholic and Episcopalian forms of worship,—their Churches, Altars, Decorations, Surplices, Rites and Ceremonies are all calculated to call forth and educate a deep feeling or outward manifestation of this Christian grace. It is an element of growth which is about them at all times and everywhere, and it seems to penetrate to their innermost souls. It is the same with their natural forms of government. The throne,—the perpetual monarch, an hereditary nobility, their laws of primogeniture and the consequent dependence of the many on the few, all have a like tendency, which is ever at work, to educate a feeling of deep reverence. The absence of all these with us, both as to Church and State, has, obviously, an opposite tendency. The bare walls of our churches, the simplicity of our forms of worship, the instability of our political offices, no power in State constantly above the people to which they are called to look up with anything more than an ordinary deference, the absence of all outward signs, emblems and symbols of authority, and the general structure of all our institutions, civil and religious, are all such as to leave the mind on this subject without the means of education in this direction. Besides and beyond all this, the liberty to which every one is left in regard to outward action, so long as it is kept within the limits of law, is another cause continually in operation to lessen with us the feeling of reverence. The tendency of this is, to foster an independency of deportment, a license of manners, a freedom of remark, an equality of feeling and position, which are cultivating constantly, the opposite feeling, the outward manifestation of Irreverence.

This is the idea. We might enlarge upon it, and demonstrate most clearly that herein is the origin and chief cause of all that which we are called to lament in connexion with the subject of our remarks. And is it philosophical or wise, when we have found an adequate cause, to seek for others which are more recondite and less obvious, and in the pressing of which we may do an injury perhaps to the only principle which we have in operation, to counteract the evil we deplore?

This brings me, in the second place, to remark on one topic, which, as it seemed to us, was pressed too far in the communication in your last paper. Let us then ask, is it not more than questionable, whether in *any* form, Religious Education can serve to weaken, in child or man, the feeling of Reverence? Does not the question itself seem to involve a paradox? Take any subject, does the simplification of it take away from its intrinsic grandeur or its intrinsic mystery? Or rather, if you simplify any subject which is truly grand in itself, does it not make its grandeur to be perceptible and to be still more deeply felt? Aside from the religious, how is it in regard to other subjects, when "they are narrowed down to the dimension of a child's mind?" A child, for instance, is taught its A, B, C, and sentences in the simplest forms, in words of single syllables. Does the child in consequence grow up with a distaste for literature? Does this process of simplifying the first elements of learning, "awaken contempt rather than reverence," for the great works of literary art when it has outlived its leading strings and has grown to man's estate? Ferguson and Pascal and West were initiated into their respective pursuits through the most simplifying processes of their own minds, aided by others; but, nevertheless, as their minds expanded, so did those elements of truth which they had received in the simplest forms, grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, until each in his own sphere rose to the comprehension of the highest and most abstract forms of truth and beauty in their respective departments of pursuit. And so it is with religion. The first idea which a child has of God, is his earthly parent. If this "satisfying idea of childhood was outgrown in youth," the child would invariably be left a skeptic. But no;—the idea enlarges with the expansion of the child's mind, until the finite earthly parent has become the infinite majesty of Heaven and Earth. All subjects, therefore, of religion, as it seems to me, if treated with becoming seriousness, never fail to cultivate the sentiments of awe, wonder and admiration. Let us not be afraid that the child will understand any of these too well. Be afraid of other influences,—guard against them in every possible way,—but be assured that all the passion there *is* in our Sunday Schools for "explanation," will never weaken the sentiment of reverence in the mind of a child.

AN ANCIENT TEACHER.

[For the Register.]

PRIZE REVIEW OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

In reply to some inquiries in the Register respecting the publication of this Review from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Livermore, I am happy in being able to say, that the manuscript has been for nearly a fortnight in the stereotyper's hands, and the work, I suppose, may be expected from the press about the first of January. I wish it could have been out a whole year sooner; but, instead of wasting regrets upon a delay occasioned by causes beyond the control both of the author and the Peace Society, it were better now to gird ourselves in earnest for the earliest possible circulation of the work.

With regard to the circulation of Judge Jay's Review instead of Mr. Livermore's, I supposed the occasion of it to be well understood from the fact of its having been very fully explained in our periodical *at the time;* but if *not* understood, I will briefly repeat, that it happened in this wise. Some of the subscribers to the promised Review had begun, even months before the adjudicators awarded the prize, to complain loudly at the delay; and our Executive Committee, on finding that Mr. Livermore's Review could not be published for several months, and that Judge Jay's would be issued at once from the press, instructed me, as the best thing possible in the circumstances, to furnish every subscriber who might choose it, a copy of Jay's work rather than wait so long for that of Mr. Livermore, and also to meet any other demand which might be made for its circulation. Both these instructions I have executed as well as I could; and the result is, that *fourteen thousand* copies have already been published, and most of them put in circulation by the zeal of *individuals* willing to spend their time or their money for the purpose. I think our committee were wise in leaving Judge Jay's Review to make its own way; and, on becoming known, it has awakened such a desire for its circulation as to secure the means of furnishing copies not only for the Legislature of Vermont, but for other Legislatures both in and out of New England, as well as for other purposes of importance.

In all this I suppose any friend of peace will rejoice, as I know Mr. Livermore has generously done; but I shall hope in due time for a much wider circulation of his work. I have done something, in the way both of labor and of contribution, for the spread of Judge Jay's Review; and I shall be ready to do still more for that of Mr. Livermore's, not merely because it has been crowned by the adjudicators with the Society's Prize, but mainly because I have examined it for myself, and deem it admirably fitted for general, promiscuous circulation. It ought, in my judgment, to be scattered like the leaves of autums, all over the land. For this, however, we cannot rely on its sale by the trade, for it will get in this way not a tenth part of the circulation it ought to have, and next to none just where it is most needed. It must be done, if done at all to the purpose, by gratuitous labor and contribution.

Let me ask, then, who will aid us in the widest possible circulation of this work? I am not aware that any one except myself in *Boston* has contributed a dollar to circulate Jay's Review, unless by gift to particular friends; and I think, therefore, it obviously devolves on the wealthy, generous supporters of our cause in this city of Channing and Worcester to furnish the chief part of the means needed for the circulation of Mr. Livermore's. It would require some $9000 even to give it as much of a start as that of Judge Jay has already gained; and, small as my own resources are, I should be happy to be one of twenty equal contributors to furnish that sum; or, I will give one twentieth part of it, if the other friends of Peace in Boston will subscribe the rest. A great deal more than this *ought* to be spent, and I trust, *will* be, in circulating Mr. Livermore's beautiful Christian plea for Peace in the light of the Mexican War; and I hope that some of the generous men who can give hundreds, and even thousands, without feeling it, will favorably consider this claim upon their liberality.

GEO. C. BECKWITH,
Sec'ty. A. P. S.

Boston, Nov. 28, 1849.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEIGHBORS; published in New York by G. P. Putnam, and sold in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

One almost wishes he had never read this delightful tale in the inconvenient, newspaper edition in which the translation first appeared, that he might have the advantage of making his first acquaintance with it through the fair page of this plump duodecimo. There are those who look back on the appearance of this first of Miss Bremer's translated works, as the beginning of the most agreeable reading-epoch in their lives. Mr. Putnam, with his usual shrewdness and enterprise, has seized on the occasion of the admired author's visit to this country, to give a new impulse to the sale of her writings. Many persons will probably seek the volume for the sake of the original American preface by Miss Bremer, alone.

THE CARAVAN: a collection of popular tales, translated from the German of Wilhelm Hauff, by G. P. Quackenbos, A M. illustrated by J. W. Orr. Appleton & Co., for sale by Crosby & Nichols. A fascinating book for young persons, just that charming union of simplicity of style with liveliness of imagination,—of oriental mystery, antiquity, sprightliness, and good humor, that always ensures success.

EASY LESSONS IN LANDSCAPE: by F. N. Otis, from the same. Here are sixteen plates in copy, furnishing the means of teaching children the art of drawing with very little other instruction, and providing, as we know by experience, one of the best modes of entertaining children, and cultivating their taste, in the world.

NEANDER'S CHURCH HISTORY, VOL. III. Translated by Prof. Torrey, of the University of Vermont.

When the former volumes of this very excellent work were published, we gladly bore witness to the great fidelity and accuracy of the translation. The present volume comprises volumes three and four of the original, and is an extremely valuable contribution to our church history. We suppose that for purposes of dry reference Gieseler is the best Ecclesiastical History that we have, while Neander undoubtedly deserves the precedence, as an interesting book to read. If we could have but one by us we should choose Neander.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC for 1850. Before actually witnessing it, we could hardly conceive how so much valuable and various information could be crowded into such narrow limits. It is a most useful manual for every household.

ANECDOTES OF THE PURITANS: New York. M. W. Dodd.

This book contains a collection of historical anecdotes illustrating the faith, the sufferings, and the fidelity of the Puritans.

A WHEAT SHEAF: gathered from our own fields. By F. C. Woodworth, and T. S. Arthur. M. W. Dodd.

This is one of the beautiful children's books with which the season abounds. It contains a series of pieces for children, which are illustrated by a large number of engravings. The names of the authors will ensure its being read, and their character, as well as the cursory perusal of a few pieces, led us to think that it deserves a place among the better books of the kind.

The above works are for sale at Crosby & Nichols.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

We cannot well conceive of a better selection from foreign reviews and other journals than we have presented to us monthly in this admirable magazine, edited and published by W. H. Bidwell, New York.

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

The Child's Friend for December contains a very pleasant letter from the Editor, Mrs. Follen, whose friends here more than make good the place which she has left.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

LOWELL. It was fortunate for the Second Unitarian Society in this city, that upon the dissolution of Rev. Mr. Niles's connection with that religious community, they were enabled to secure the services of Rev. Mr. Barry, who formerly presided over the first Church. No other minister, probably, could have been found, so perfectly adapted to meet the peculiar wants of the people, who had called him to sustain the pastoral office a second time, in that growing and prosperous city.

Since Mr. Barry's settlement every thing has been going on most successfully. A new, substantial, and commodious Church building will be finished in a few months. And what will be agreeable intelligence to those who love to hear of the prosperity of our Zion,—it will only require two or three thousand dollars, to relieve the society of all indebtedness. This sum must be raised abroad, because every sinew has been employed at home, for the greatest portion of the outlay. Another and most substantial reason, why this society should enter their new place of worship free of debt, is, because very many whose means are small, will be able to accommodate themselves with pleasant seats at a very trifling expense.

It has been a great mistake with our denomination,—a very general lack of hospitality in our public gatherings, towards those who most need christian sympathy and love. The operatives in manufacturing cities and towns, have been kept from our holy feasts, either on account of inability to bear the expense, or more likely because our manners have been reserved and uncourteous. Every thing promises better for this new Society, in this respect; and if the house when completed is not full of worshippers, it will not be owing to any backwardness on the part of pastor or people, in extending the right hand of fellowship to *all*, who may wish to attend.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle are diligent in securing the necessary funds for furnishing the Church. The younger ladies have been equally engaged in the same direction.

The Sundy School is blessed with a corps of Teachers, fourteen males and nine females, who have been carefully trained for their work, and who are fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. I was delighted with the sweet music, from this primary school of heaven. I was much pleased with the well sustained congregational singing during the service of public worship. The whole thing is most easily managed, without any discomposure to the audience and without any delay. The hymns are selected before the service and handed to the organist, who returns them on a card to the minister, with the tune set against each, and the page in the singing book where the tune stands,—and which book is in the hands of all who are able to sing, the moment the tune is named.

The teachers' meetings are held every Sunday evening, and are very interesting. My wonder at the rapid growth of this society subsided, the moment I became aware of the spiritual interest that is manifested at these meetings. The one I attended was devoted to an examination of the reasons, why teachers refrained from joining the church. The remarks of the brethren were very much to the point, especially those which were offered by the non-communicants. No apologies were offered for having delayed so long, an open profession of interest in Christ, before many witnesses, but regret rather. It will be strange if Brother Barry's heart does not glow at the next communion season, for I feel sure that he will receive into christian fellowship, several who will wish to remember Jesus in the way he appointed.

The teachers, with the pastor, are in the habit of closing the sacred day, by a visit to Dracut, just across the river, where they instruct quite a number of poor children, in Gospel truths.—Brother Barry's health is feeble, and yet he manages to accomplish almost herculean tasks. Mr. Webster speaks of a power greater than electricity, than earthquake or tornado, viz. public opinion;—he might have spoken of a power still more transcendant,—that of love. The power that can break a strong heart, exceeds all physical agencies.

MANCHESTER. Let any one formerly acquainted with the Unitarian Society in this place—in its day of depression and small things, just look in upon it now, and behold one of the largest and most attentive congregations connected with our body. It is not a floating congregation somewhat usual in manufacturing towns; but a stable, well organized and self-sustaining religious community. One hundred and twenty-five seats have been added to the pew accommodations, and more will very soon be needed. If I am asked to account for this interesting state of things, I am ready to answer, that it is the work of the spirit of God, in answer to the earnest prayers and unwearied efforts of him, who has thus been providentially placed overseer of this portion of Christ's vineyard.

HINGHAM. Next to the "Stone Mill," at Newport, R. I. the church building, or more properly speaking the "Meeting House" of the first parish in this town, is the greatest *artificial* curiosity, as well as the most antique structure in the country. It is impossible, I think, for one to enter such a venerable sanctuary, without being reminded of those excellent men, whose first thought, after landing upon these rock-bound shores, had reference to the worship of God,—to the erection of temples to His praise; and without feeling a conscious indebtedness for their pious endeavors in behalf of humanity.

Besides such interesting associations as these, there are facts connected with this house of prayer, which will even render a visit to it, most interesting. I hope shortly to have the pleasure of reading an elaborated history of this ancient town, embracing its early and late ecclesiastical records, which I learn is in a state of great forwardness; and by one too, who is sure to render it a work of great interest.

A few Sundays since, I had the pleasure of addressing a larger assembly of worshippers in this christian home, than it is usual to meet in the most popular metropolitan churches. It was delightful to observe the puritan custom still adhered to, that of the general attendance of young and old, on both parts of the day, in the places once hallowed by the prayers and praises of eminent saints, now rich in the inheritance of heaven. It was also very pleasant to be amongst a people, who like their fathers for several generations, were contented with the ministrations of venerable pastors. How unlike most of our modern churches, where the minister has hardly time to become acquainted with his flock, before he is sent off to be the centre of a new fold.

A very large Sunday School is kept up from Sunday to Sunday under the superintendence of an excellent guide, assisted by a numerous body of valuable teachers. C. C. C.

MRS. HEYWOOD OF LOUISVILLE. We would express our sympathy for those who are most truly bereaved, in the loss of this amiable woman. None are more missed than the gentle and loving-hearted; beings whose pure affections have elevated and improved their whole characters, and promised them a sphere of increasing usefulness. Such was she who has left the side of our brother in a distant city, to find her higher development and congenial scenes of action among disembodied spirits. May he and the many who loved her feel that she has not gone away, but only become invisible to the eye of flesh; that they are not deserted by her, though she has apparently drawn nearer to God. Such consolation is whispered by the memory of her virtues.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

MODEL OF JERUSALEM. A new and enlarged model of the Holy City is now on exhibition at the Tremont Temple. It gives a better idea of Jerusalem than anything of the kind we have ever seen. We spent an exceedingly pleasant hour in examining it the other evening, and while there could easily fancy ourselves to be wandering about the city it represents. It is made of wood and is about ten feet wide by thirteen long. The walls of the city, with its battlements and turrets and gates, the white domes of the houses of the town, the minarets of the Mahometans, the narrow streets of the city, the great Mosque of the Caliph Omar, the convents of the Latins, and Greeks, and Armenians, and above all the sacred Church of the Holy Sepulchre, are represented with singular fidelity. Nothing is omitted. This model includes not only the city itself, but the immediate environs. The visiter is shown the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshophat, the Mount of Olives, and the garden of Gethsemane, the village of Siloam, the hill of Evil Counsel, and all those places adjacent to Jerusalem, which are so interesting to every Christian. Even the dull and barren aspect of the country is preserved, which all, who have ever visited the city, have remarked. We cannot recommend too strongly all, who desire to get a correct idea of Jerusalem and its environs, to visit this model.

We understand that a committee has been appointed for the purpose of raising funds to be devoted to the purchase of this model from its present proprietor, Mr. Nye; and that when purchased, it will be made the nucleus or commencement of a free Scriptural Museum for the benefit of our schools and churches. We sincerely hope, that the project will succeed. Such a museum containing the illustrations, which might be procured, of Scripture history, of the Holy Land and of the early periods of the Church, would be, particularly if it were free, an invaluable acquisition to the Sunday schools of our city. Whatever money is derived from the small admission fee now charged for visiting this model, will be devoted, we are informed, to the above purpose. Thus all, who go, will attain the double object of gaining information themselves and enabling others who are less favored with means, to do the same.

THE QUARTERLY CHARITY LECTURE. This lecture was given at the Old South Church, last Sunday evening, by the Rev. T. S. King. The evening was pleasant and an unusually large audience assembled. The subject of Mr. King's discourse was the Law of Service. Taking his text from the fifteenth chapter of Romans, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak . . . . for even Christ pleased not himself," he proceeded to illustrate and enforce the law of service, or in other words, the *duty of benevolence*. He illustrated this duty in a peculiarly happy manner by a reference to the order of nature, according to which the Law of Service is so developed that the weakest and most delicate organizations are upheld and maintained by the stronger—even the tenderest flowers are nourished and protected by the mighty forces that govern the planets and rule the universe. The latter and larger part of his discourse was devoted to enforcing the doctrine, that he, who refuses to obey the Law of Service, who refuses to serve those about him, and ignores their wants, whether bodily or spiritual, neglects one of the chief means of his own spiritual growth and thereby beggars and perils his soul. He treated his subject in an eloquent and touching manner, and was listened to throughout with profound attention. Charity is so apt to be regarded as a virtue, and not as a duty, as something which it is praiseworthy to practice, but not sinful to omit, that we were very glad to have the matter so ably set forth in its right light by Mr. King.

THE SOUTH BOSTON WATER WORKS.—In the last Register, there was a brief notice of the introduction of the water into the Reservoir on Beacon Hill. A few days since, the water was introduced into another and larger Reservoir in South Boston. The ceremony of its introduction was performed in the presence of the Mayor, and other members of the city government, and a crowd of some five thousand inhabitants. An ode was sung on the occasion by the children of the Mather and the Hawes Schools, and speeches made by the Mayor, and T. B. Curtis, Esq., and others. The Reservoir is located upon the lot of Telegraph Hill. According to a statement in the Journal, the lot of land purchased by the city for its location, is in the form of an ellipse, whose transverse diameter is 888 feet, and whose conjugate diameter is 600 feet. Around this lot, within the outside limits, is a street 50 feet in width. At the eastern extremity is the Reservoir, which covers, excluding the street, 2 3-4 acres; including the street, it embraces 3 4-10 acres.

The Reservoir lies at the eastern extremity of the ellipse. A promenade is laid out around the whole lot, from which the view includes the whole city and harbor of Boston and the environs as far as Chelsea and Lynn on the north, and Weymouth and Dorchester on the south.

The area of the bottom of the reservoir is 45,638 feet; the mean water area is 57,264 feet; its capacity is 7,515,900 wine gallons; and when full, the water will be 17 1-2 feet deep, and will rise within three feet of the top of the bank.

This is another magnificent work of which our citizens may be justly proud. It will last for ages, and always be one of the chief ornaments of that part of the city.

COLORED SCHOOLS.—There has been much agitation of late, with regard to the schools for colored children in our city. By some, these schools have been considered as opposed to the spirit of our free institutions, and attempts have been made to do away with them, on the ground that they were schools for *a caste*, and that colored children have an equal right with white to attend our common schools. The matter has this week been brought before a legal tribunal in order to determine whether colored schools can be legally established by the city, or not. A colored child by the name of Sarah C. Roberts, (possessing the necessary qualifications,) applied to a free white school, near her own residence, for admission. This was denied, and she was excluded. The school committee sustained the master in his decision, and a suit was brought in the Court of Common Pleas, against the city, to recover damages for such ejectment and exclusion. The case was argued by Charles Sumner, Esq., for the plaintiff, and P. W. Chandler, Esq., for the city.

Mr. Sumner, in his argument endeavored, principally, to sustain the following points:—

1st. According to the spirit of American institutions, and especially of the Constitution of Massachusetts, *all men, without distinction of color or race, are equal before the law.*

2d. The legislation of Massachusetts, in entire harmony with the Constitution, makes no discrimination of color or race, in the establishment of the common schools.

3d. The courts of the Commonwealth have never recognized any discrimination founded on color or race, in the administration of the common school, but have recognized the equal rights of all the inhabitants.

4th. The exclusion of colored children from the general public schools is a source of practical inconvenience to them and their parents, to which white persons are not exposed, and is, therefore, a violation of equality.

5th. The discrimination of children on account of color or race, in the public schools of Boston, is in a nature of *caste*, and is a violation of equality.

6th. The School Committee of Boston have no *power* to exclude children, on account of color or race, and to compel them to go to separate schools, in defiance of the principle of equality.

7th. The Court will declare the by-law of the School Committee, making a discrimination of color or race, to be illegal and unconstitutional, although there are no words of express prohibition in the constitution or laws.

Mr. Sumner enlarged upon all these points, and endeavored to show, that it is for the *real* interest of the community, as well as agreeable to a sound interpretation of our State constitution, to admit colored children to the free white schools.

Mr. Chandler in his argument for the city, said that he should admit to the fullest extent, many of the propositions laid down by the counsel for the plaintiff. He argued the question simply as one of pure law, not one of *expediency*. As to the legal right of establishing such schools, he contended, (1) That the power was given to the school committee by the city charter. (2) That the grant was constitutional. (3) That the school committee were the exclusive judges of the best manner of executing the power given them.

He denied that the School Committee acted on the ground of color alone. In their opinion, the white and colored citizens belonged to separate races, and it was better for them to remain separate. Such a separation he considered to be no more unjust for the blacks than the whites. The latter were excluded from the schools of the former, as much as the former from those of the latter. These schools were established more than half a century ago, at the earnest entreaty of the colored population, "who could not go to white schools, owing to the prejudice against them." It was regarded as a great boon by them then. The school committee favored this system of schools, which had been transmitted by their fathers. They also were satisfied that many, and perhaps a majority of the colored population, were still in favor of the schools.

He maintained that the present arrangement, without depriving the colored people of any of their political or moral rights, without rendering them inferior to the whites, or implying such inferiority, secured to them greater advantages than they could obtain, were their schools abolished.

The opinion of the Court was not delivered when our paper went to press. We present the above analysis of the arguments of the two sides to our readers, without comment for the present.

DR. PARKMAN. No single event within our memory, has produced a more profound sensation in this community, than the mysterious disappearance of Dr. George Parkman. The death of one so universally known and respected under any circumstances, would have been widely felt.—But the developments of the last few days have darkened into a terrible tragedy. The principal circumstances, so far as they are publicly known, are the following: Dr. Parkman met Dr. Webster by appointment at the Medical College; he was seen to enter the College, but never seen to leave it; portions of a human body have since been discovered in the apartments which Prof. Webster occupied and in the vault beneath, and they have been identified as the remains of Dr. Parkman. Prof. Webster is now in jail, awaiting the progress of a judicial investigation. We shall not describe the particulars, and still less shall we attempt to anticipate the judgment of the proper tribunals. It is but fitting that the public should wait until the facts are sufficiently known to enable it to arrive at just conclusions. There is something shocking in the levity and cruelty, which, in a matter of such terrible import to so many persons, allow men to form decisive opinions on floating rumors and mere fragments of testimony. The event, under any circumstances, is one of the saddest in the annals of this city. In a few days, whatever can be discovered, will be known; and, before the community pronounces judgment on what has taken place, it becomes it to wait for those disclosures which are sustained by legal evidence.

One of the many sad circumstances attending this event, is the fact that Dr. Parkman met his death in the very place which the Medical College owed to his munificence. It was not an unsuitable place for him in which to die, but the last place where he should have met with violence!

We cannot better close these brief remarks than by adding the address of Dr. Bigelow to the Medical class.

At the assembling of the Medical Class in this city, at the Clinical Lecture on Monday last, Dr. Bigelow, in behalf of the Medical Professors of Harvard University, addressed them as follows:—

Gentlemen—It is with deep regret that I am obliged to announce to the Class that in consequence of the solemn and appalling events of the last week, the lectures at the Medical College will be suspended during this and the two succeeding days. This measure is rendered necessary by the existing condition of things. It is due to the present excited state of the public feeling—it is due to the majesty of the law, the investigations of which are not yet completed; above all, it is due to the memory of Dr. George Parkman, the patron and promoter of medical science, the personal friend of many of us, and the generous benefactor of our own institution.

Under any circumstances we should pause to do fitting honor to his character and virtues; but the melancholy forebodings of the last week, which have ripened into the painful conviction that he no longer survives, have cast a cloud over our whole city, of sorrow and dismay. Most of all, gentlemen, will it be felt in this school, which has been the recipient of his bounty, and towards which he has exhibited an almost paternal interest, and which is fearfully associated with the last known hours of his existence. Let us bow before the decrees of Providence, and wait on its wisdom and justice. By a vote of the Faculty, in solemn regard to the events which have happened, the ordinary exercises will be postponed, until the Clinical Lecture on next Thursday, when I shall hope to meet the Class and explain to them ulterior arrangements.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY.

☞ The Children's Missionary, Mr. Barry, has labored for many months in this city. He has obtained places for a large number of destitute children, has induced others to attend our day Schools and Churches, and has established a Sunday School, which has done much good and is increasing in usefulness.

At the present time many children who come under Mr. Barry's influence, are suffering for want of proper clothing. If any young persons have garments which they would like to have judiciously bestowed, they will be most acceptable, and will be gratefully received, if left at Mr. Barry's residence, No. 8 Ashland Avenue, (near 680 Washington st.) or (if more convenient) at No. 11 Essex st.

R. C. WATERSTON.

*** If any children in the country, or sewing circle connected with our Churches, should desire to send a gift, it would be most welcome. tf dec8

☞ JERUSALEM. An enlarged model of Jerusalem very perfectly and beautiful y executed by a Boston mechanic, as an exact copy of the small model made in Europe from survey and measurement, is now on Exhibition at Hall No. 3, Tremont Temple, *every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.*

A person will be in attendance to explain the model. Ten cents only are charged for admission, and arrangements can then be made for the visits of Schools or Sabbath Classes upon any evening or afternoon that they may select and on their own terms.

Several Sunday Schools have already been present.

Rev. Wm. M. Rogers and Dr. Ed. H. Clarke, who have been at Jerusalem, agree to their entire and hearty approbation of the model. A more perfect piece of work never has been and probably never will be produced. We trust that every Sunday School and Church will improve the opportunity to see it. We should be glad to have it secured for our community. dec8

☞ THE CAMBRIDGE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, will meet in Cambridge, at the house of Rev. J. F. W. Ware, on Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 2 P. M.

dec8 WM. NEWELL, Scribe.

☞ THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS, will meet at the House of Rev. C. F. Barnard in Warren Street, on Monday next, (Dec. 10th.)

dec8 S. B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. There will be Lectures every Sunday evening this winter in the Freeman Place Chapel. The seats in this Church are free. A course of lectures on the "Life of Jesus" will be commenced and continued, unless when other subjects of more immediate interest intervene.

Subject on next Sunday evening: "*Preparations for Christ in History.*"

☞ WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. Dr. Dick, of England speaks thus of this celebrated work, which attracts great attention wherever it is known.

BROUGHTY FERRY, NEAR DUNDEE, Sept. 12, 1849.

MESSRS. G. & C. MERRIAM: Gentlemen, I received from Mr Wiley, Aldine Chambers, London, your very valuable and highly acceptable present of "Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language," for which I return you my grateful acknowledgments; and as it will always be in my study for reference, it will constantly remind me of your kindness and liberality.

This Dictionary is, undoubtedly, the most complete Dictionary of the English language that has ever been published, and ages will elapse before any other dictionary of that language will be required. It is in every respect, far superior to the folio editions of Johnson's Dictionary. The introductory matter, on the origin and progress of language, etymology, the changes of the English language, and other topics—contains an immense mass of useful information, which must have cost the author a very great degree of labor and research. The pronunciation of Scriptural, Classical, and Geographical names, forms a most valuable appendix to the Dictionary, and cannot be too highly appreciated.

As to the external appearance of the copy which you sent, it could not have been more elegantly and tastefully adorned, although it had been intended to be presented to her majesty, Queen Victoria. Its binding has been much admired by every person who has seen it, and reflects great honor on the taste and ingenuity of the bookbinder.

I trust you will receive a proper remuneration for the risk incurred in publishing such a large and important volume, which contains a quantity of letter press greater than almost any other single volume in my possession. I presume it has an extensive sale.

Wishing you all happiness and prosperity, and with many thanks for your invaluable present, I am, gentlemen,

Your much obliged and humble servant,

dec8 1iis THOMAS DICK.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, at the Bulfinch Street Church, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr J. L. Marden to Miss Frances W. Venzie.

Nov. 29th, by the Rev Dr Young, Capt. Thomas W. Wyman, of the United States Navy, to Miss Harriet S., daughter of the late Dr Lemuel Hayward.

Nov. 22, Mr Gardner B. Chapman to Miss Lydia K. Horton, both of Boston.

On Tuesday evening, at the Hawes Place Church in South Boston, by Rev Lemuel Capen, Mr Hall J. How to Miss Mary R. Burrill.

In Charlestown, 27th ult, Rev George W. Cressey of Kennebunk, Me., to Miss Sarah, daughter of S P. Croswell, esq., of C.

In Roxbury, 25th ult, Mr Leonard J. Wilson of Milford, N. H., to Miss Mary Ann G. Sayer of R.

In Bridgewater, Nov. 21, by Rev C. Bradford, Mr Freeman Jones to Miss Laura L. B. Hayward, both of Bridgewater.

Nov. 29, by the same, Mr Daniel Hayward to Miss Phebe P. Hunt, both of North Bridgewater.

In Bridgewater, Nov. 21, by Rev C. Bradford, Mr Freeman Jones to Miss Laura L. B. Hayward, both of Bridgewater.

In Marlborough, by Rev Mr Alger, Charles White of Bolton to Elizabeth A. Piper; William H. Hubbard to Betsey H. Russell; Joseph M. Howe to Harriet S. Sherman

In Watertown, Nov. 18, Mr William Robbins to Miss Abby, only daughter of George Robinson, Esq., all of W.

In Plymouth, 19th ult, by Rev Mr Briggs, William T. Davis of Boston to Abby Burr, daughter of Thos Hedge, Esq., of P.

In Newmarket, N. H., 25th ult, Mr Jedediah Prescott of Memphis, Tenn., to Miss Abby Bickford of Medford, Mass.

In Cantine, Me., Nov. 20, by Rev Mr Sewall, Mr Leverett Kimball of Haverhill, Mass., to Miss Mary L. Stevens of C.

In Sanbornton, N. H., 7th ult, by Rev Mr Bodwell, Mr Nathaniel Nute of Boston to Miss Elizabeth Hunkins of S.

In Providence, R. I., 30th ult, Mr A. E. Dinslow to Miss E. J. Avery, of Richmond, Me.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 29th ult, at the house of W. H. Cary, Esq., by Rev F. A. Farley, Mr Windsor Leland of Boston to Miss Frances Spring of Somerville, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. 1st, Mrs Susan E., wife of Thomas Kerns, Jr., 26.

In this city, Nov. 23, of inflammation of the brain, Joseph P. Nash, 39.

25th ult, Sally Carlisle, widow of Stephen Carlisle, formerly of Waterboro', Me., 83.

25th ult, Mrs Hannah Burnham, 87 yrs 6 mos.

In Roxbury, 22d ult, Joseph Adams, 99 yrs 6 mos.

In East Cambridge, 24th ult, Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of E. C. and B. G. Mann, 7 yrs.

In North Bridgewater 22d ult, Louisa Ada, only child of Chas. C. and Lucy C. Field, 7 mos.

In Malden, 19th ult, Georgiana Atwood, child of John and Eliza Lewis, 1 yr 9 mos.

In Stoneham, 22d ult, of pulmonary consumption, Mrs Hannah Greene, wife of Levi B. Smith, 37.

In Stoughton, Benjamin Bisbee, a revolutionary soldier, 90.

In Framingham, 19th ult, of consumption, Maria S., daughter of Calvin and Charlotte Hemenway, 16 years.

In Danvers, Mr Isaac Floyd, 77, a native of Medford.

In Newburyport, 27th ult, Mrs Mary Elizabeth, wife of Mr Wm Porter, 32.

In Weston, G. Williams, son of Abel and Sophia L. Harington, 3 mos.

In Belchertown, 16th ult, after a very distressing illness, Mrs Rosalind Blodgett, wife of Alonzo C. Blodgett, 40 yrs 4 mos.

In Lynnfield, 25th ult, Moses P., son of Orin and Esther Russell, 22 yrs.

At Ossipee Corner, N. H., 27th ult, Mr J. Willard Stiles Pitman, late of this city, 22.

In Nashua, N. H., Nov. 23, Mrs Ruth, wife of Mr Isaac Eaton, 24.

In Ashby, 1st inst, Mrs Fidelia D. Hitchcock, wife of Dr Alfred Hitchcock, 37.

In New Bedford, 20th ult, Dr Alexander Read, 63 years, for many years a distinguished and valued physician.

In Worcester, Mr John Q. A. Harrington of Somerville. Died, very suddenly, in Worcester, Nov. 15, Mrs Mary C., wife of Mr Benj. B. Otis, 42 yrs 8 mos. An excellent mother and devoted Christian.

In John's Island, near Charleston, S. C., 19th ult, Rev Elipha White, D. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church and a graduate at Brown University in the class of 1817.

Died, in Dorchester, Nov. 9th, Mr. HENRY E. SAWYER, aged 24. Mr. S. was a young man of high promise. He had a mind of great activity, and possessed remarkable ingenuity. The intense application bestowed upon subjects connected with his business, overtaxed his mental powers and injured his health. He was sick about five months, and bore his illness with unwearying patience and submission. He had entire confidence in the Divine wisdom and goodness of God, and looked forward with a firm hope, to the blessed result of the moral government of God. His anxiety for the welfare and happiness of others,—his uniformly honest and upright dealing, and his scrupulous regard for the truth, together with his companionable qualities and virtues, will render his memory peculiarly dear, not only to his parents, brothers and sisters, but to all who knew him.

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All who have examined or made use of the work, have given in their *unqualified approbation*, and teachers have frequently remarked the interest with which their scholars have pursued this study, and the benefit they have derived from its use.

The more effectually to meet the desire expressed for a *cheap work* on this subject, the present edition is issued at the reduced price of 25 *cents per copy*, and it is hoped thereby to extend the benefit of moral instruction to all the youth of our land.

Teachers, and all others engaged in the training of youth, are invited to examine this work.

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DORCHESTER.

THE Winter Term of Mrs. C. Ellis's School will commence on the 3d of Dec.

Instruction given in the usual English branches, the Languages, Music, Drawing and Dancing. For further particulars, application may be made either by letter, or at the house corner of Savin Hill Avenue.

References.—Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, Rev. F. T. Gray, Henry Hall, Esq., S. D. Townsend, M. D., E. P. Clark, Esq. 6tis nov24

TOWNSEND FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE Winter Term will commence Wednesday, Dec. 12, and close the fourth Wednesday in March. Board, including washing, lights and fuel, $175 per week. For particulars, see Catalogue, direct to West Townsend P. O.; direct Railroad communication.

SILAS BRUCE, Sec'ry.

West Townsend, Mass., Nov. 1849. 1std12 nov17

A CLERGYMAN, residing within ten miles of Boston, wishes to receive two boys, (of the age of ten or twelve,) into his family, to educate.

For particulars, inquire at this office. 1stf oct27

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Conducted by Dr. M. M. Miles, at No. 1 Cambridge St., near the Revere House, Boston.

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The late Dr. Wm. Ireland, an eminent physician of the city of New York, says: "I am myself so fully satisfied of the very extraordinary and powerful effect of the medicated Vapor Baths, as an aid to general practice, that I would not be without them for all that I have hitherto known of any profession."

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THE GLOWWORM.

Deep within the night,
Toiling on its way,
With its feeble lamp
Giving out a ray.

Close about its path
Sombre shadows meet,
And the light is cast
Only at its feet.

Castle-top and grange
Off within the dark—
What are they to it,
Groping by its spark?

Castle-top and grange,
Orchard, lane and wood,
Human homes asleep,
Precipice and flood—

What are they to it,
Groping by its ray;
God hath given light,
Light for all its way:

Light to know each step
Of the tollsome ground;
Wherefore should it pry,
Questioning, around?

* * * *

In the night of time,
Toiling through the dark,
Reason's feeble lamp
Giveth out its spark.

Close about my path
Hidden wonders lie,
Mysteries unseen,
Shapes of destiny,

Beings of the air,
Shadowless and weird,
Looking upon me,
Uttering unheard;

Sad and warning eyes,
Pleading from the past,
From the years to come
Mournful glances cast,—

What are they to me,
Toiling towards the day;
God hath given light,
Light for all my way.

[N. Y. Eve. Post.

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace fire
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear,
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest tree;
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, and hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—
That the land was fed with the blood they shed,
And their lust for carnage blind;
And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for man whose joy
Is to slay his fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his wo—
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And he bared his strong arm for the work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he said, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the fire sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our prize shall be;
But while oppression lifts its hand,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WEDDING RING.

A TALE.

'Louisa,' said a gentleman to his daughter, returning to the room which he had quitted a minute before, 'there is a woman waiting to see you down stairs—go to her at once.'

'La, papa, I dare say she is in no l urry,' replied the young lady, without rising from the easy chair into which she was sunk.

'My dear, do not keep her waiting; the time of a workwoman is her capital, and you have no right to defraud her of it.'

'Defraud, papa; what hard words you use.—I am sure I always pay them their bills—what more can they ask?'

Her father had not waited for the conclusion of the sentence; and Louisa, seeing he was gone, proceeded with her breakfast, intending when she was done, to send for the woman, who she knew was bringing her some artificial flowers to inspect. Whilst sipping her coffee, her eye fell on a new publication which her father had been that morning examining. She seized upon it, and soon, engrossed in its pages, she forgot the artificial flowers, the artist, and her father's admonition. An hour passed, when she was interrupted by the entrance of some young friends, whose visit of course detained her in the drawing-room. After a great deal of lively but rather empty chat, one of her visiters observed that there was a woman in the hall as they passed with a basket of the most exquisite fancy flowers she had ever seen. She longed to examine them all. With a slight blush Louisa, recollecting her father's words, rang for the forgotten tradeswoman, and the next hour was consumed by the young ladies in turning over the beautiful specimens contained in the baskets, trying them on their heads before their glass, and wishing earnestly that they could afford to purchase them. They were good-humored, pretty, elegant girls, well and expensively dressed, and they seemed just fitted to be the inhabitants of the apartment where this scene was passing. It was a handsomely furnished room; the walls hung with paintings, the tables spread with costly books, the consoles and marble brackets covered with tasteful ornaments: perhaps the value of only a few of those China vases would have formed a fortune to many a poor family. The pleasant morning air, which breathed through the light muslin curtains, and waved the rich damask drapery, was scented with the perfume of heliotrope and jessamine, and the gleam of sunshine which fell on the glass globe, where the gold fish swam, was reflected back upon the rich cut chandeliers, and made them look like fragments of a rainbow. All was in keeping with the gay girls, who gazed at themselves in the tall pier-glasses—all except the pale, anxious, careworn face of the owner of the flowers. Dressed in widow's weeds, which time had rendered shabby, although evidently preserved with care, her look, as she handed out one graceful wreath after another, was so sadly in contrast with her customers' gayety, that, had they bestowed one thought on her, they must have felt some pity. But they neither looked at nor noticed her, except to inquire the price of some beautiful specimens, exclaim at its dearness, wish they could buy them all, and declare they would learn to make them, it must be such charming work. Finally, after having disarranged the whole of her stock, one of them discovered that it was now time to go to the portrait painter to whom she was sitting, as that gentleman never waited a moment, and she should lose the only hour he could give her. Louisa made some trifling purchase, for she had changed her mind on the subject, and now desired some other ornaments; and the young party hastily quitted the house, leaving the poor widow to replace her injured goods, and return home at her leisure.

Little as these careless girls were disposed to bestow a thought upon the artificial florist, it is our intention to follow her to her own home, where, fatigued and disappointed, she arrived about two hours after she left the mansion of Louisa's father. It was a low and narrow garret, lighted only by a window in the roof, which threw down a gleam of sickly sunshine upon one corner of the nearly empty room, and lighted up an old and comfortless bed, which seemed placed there that its occupant might derive some warmth from a source which at least cost nothing. Reclining on this bed, and supported by a broken chair back, slightly covered by an old shawl—for the luxury of pillows was beyond their reach—was a much younger woman; but, like the first-mentioned, she too, wore a widow's cap, and such clothing as she had bore the traces of mourning. Her face was wan and thin, and she was evidently suffering from some serious malady which had drained away the springs of life. Her slender hands were busy fabricating some of those beautiful flowers which her mother had carried abroad for sale, and their colors and gay groups made her pale sickly cheeks look still more ghastly from the contrast. A half finished wreath of orange flowers lay near her; and the tales they seemed to whisper of love, and joy, and hope—of bridal splendor, and all the luxuries of the wealthy—was affecting, when compared with her own appearance and her evident poverty.

'Ah, mother, dear!' said she, as the elder widow entered. 'I thought you long in coming; but I hope you have sold the flowers, and brought me all I want?'

Her mother silently shook her head as she sat down her basket, and with tearful eyes gazed on her daughter's disappointed face.

'Nothing! have you sold nothing!' inquired the latter again in amazement and despair. 'How could that be? I thought both Miss Frizell and Mrs. Dashwood had ordered them of you?'

'Miss Frizell detained me nearly two hours,' replied the mother, 'tossed over all my things, and then bought a two shilling sprig; and as I was an hour after the time appointed at Mrs. Dashwood's she was angry, and would be pleased with nothing. Indeed it is quite true; the flowers were so much tumbled by Miss Frizell and her friends that, until they have been all fresh done up, they are hardly worth looking at.'

'And Miss Singleton's wedding wreath!' said the daughter. 'How can I finish that, unless I have the materials I require? Only two shillings for four hours' walking and waiting! Ah mother, mother, how little they know of the value of time to us. Will you buy the white and green silk with that money?'

'I spent it, my child, in buying food. I knew we had nothing in the house, and your boy will be wanting his dinner presently. Is he asleep?'

'Yes; see how soundly he sleeps,' answered the young woman; and removing a slight covering, she exhibited on the bed beside her a small fair boy, apparently about a twelvemonth old, who peacefully slumbered in the happy indifference of infancy.

Both gazed at the child till the tears brimmed to their eyes; but after a few minutes, the young mother turned away, and said, 'What can we do? This wreath must be finished, or in another week we shall all be houseless.' She paused a moment, and a crimson spot, which told of some internal struggle, appeared upon her cheeks, whilst her thin lips grew paler than before; then drawing from her finger her wedding ring, she held it out to her mother. 'It is but a short time!' she murmured; 'and what matters it? Why should I feel so bitterly at parting with the symbol, when the reality has been torn from me! For our child—*his* child's sake—it must be done! And what does it signify what is thought of me!' In silence the mother took the ring; for what could she say! It was a sacrifice she could not have asked, but which she saw to be inevitable; for they did not possess another superfluity.—Silently, therefore, she took it and left the room; whilst her unhappy daughter, when left alone, catching up the orange flowers, exclaimed 'Happy, happy girl! when you wear this wreath, how little will you suspect the bitter tears, the weary fingers, and the aching hearts which have accompanied its growth! And I was once as happy! Who would have imagined then the miserable reverse I now present! But am I not giving way to envy! Because my prospects are blighted, would I wish hers to be dimmed! Heaven forgive me!' and sinking on the bed beside her still sleeping boy, she continued silent and motionless until her mother's return.

The elder widow, meanwhile, with weary steps and heavy heart, pursued her way to fulfil this painful errend; but so deeply was she engrossed in her own mournful reflections, that she scarcely noticed where she was wandering, until she found herself at the door of a large jeweler's shop in a fashionable street. She entered timidly; and waiting until she saw one of the shopmen disengaged, she ventured to explain her errand, and exhibit the ring.

'It is not our practice, madam, to buy second-hand goods,' was the reply; 'and if we do, we can only give you the value of the gold.'

'And what may that be?' faltered she.

'I suppose about half-a-crown,' he carelessly answered.

'And is that the utmost you can give me?' replied she in a pleading tone. 'I am in great distress, and have not another sixpence in the world.'

'Are you not the person who sells artificial flowers?' inquired a gentleman who had been for some minutes watching her, and was interested by the sweetness and propriety of her manners.

She replied in the affirmative.

'And did you sell nothing this morning?' again asked he.

'One young lady purchased a two-shilling flower,' replied the widow; 'but she detained me so long, that I displeased an excellent customer by failing in punctuality.' The gentleman bit his lip, and hastily crossing the shop, he returned in another minute, leading Louisa; for he was her father, and she had been occupied in selecting a new pair of bracelets for herself at the opposite counter.

'Repeat what you have just said to my daughter,' said Mr. Frizell. 'I ask it as a favor for her sake entirely.'

'Excuse me, sir, and forgive the young lady,' replied the widow firmly. 'She was probably not aware of how much value an hour is to a trades-person; but I do not wish to complain of her for that.'

'Permit me at least to rectify her errors,' continued the father; 'but as our business can be better transacted in a more private place, suffer me, in the first instance, to convey you home.—You have probably walked far this day.' It was in vain that she offered any opposition; and in another minute she was seated beside Louisa in Mr. Frizell's elegant equipage, to the great mortification of that young lady, who flung herself into a corner, and did her utmost to conceal herself from view, lest any one should recognize her with such a companion. They could not approach the lodging very closely in the carriage; but Mr. Frizell, nothing daunted by the narrow street or dirty staircase, resolutely drew on his reluctant daughter; and the child of wealth and luxury—the gay—the elegant, the fashionable Louisa Frizell—for the first time stood face to face with the worn and wasted sufferers from want and disease.

Never could she forget the thrill with which she glanced around the miserable room, and eyed the feeble sufferer stretched upon that bed.—Poverty! till then she had not known what it was; and yet this was poverty in its least repulsive shape; for though bare and desolate, the room was clean; and though feeble and emaciated, the invalid was tidy in her person; whilst the beautiful little boy who sat beside her, bending his dark pensive eyes on the strange visiters, as if to question their object, gave a degree of grace and elegance to the group. When Louisa saw the gratitude with which her father's purchases were acknowledged, and the satisfaction with which the sum of only twenty shillings was received, she began to understand a little of the value and power of money. But the glow of still deeper feeling which the restoration of the wedding-ring occasioned was so touching, that she felt for the moment that she would willingly sacrifice half her trinkets to be the author or receiver of such a glance as that.

Happy as was this encounter for the two poor widows, it was eventually a far happier one for Louisa Frizell herself. They were materially assisted in their difficulties, and, in fact, raised from a situation of most depressing and heart-breaking poverty to a degree of comfort, which to their moderate wishes seemed like affluence. But she was aroused from a far more lamentable state—from a poverty of feeling, a dearth of compassion, a want of kindly charity to her neighbors, which, but for some such lesson as this, might have starved and destroyed every amiable sentiment in her nature. But the lesson was effectual; and the once thoughtless Louisa Frizell now sets an example to her young companions both of consideration towards those trades-people she employs, and of moderation and self-denial in the use of the ornaments and expenses which her station in life appears to justify or require.—

[Chambers' Journal.

THE PEACHES.

A TRANSLATION OF A GERMAN FABLE FOR CHILDREN.

A husbandman brought home from the city five peaches, the finest that were ever seen.—His children saw the fruit for the first time.—On that account they were amazed, and rejoiced when they saw the beautiful apples with rosy cheeks and soft down. The father divided them among his four children, and also gave one to their mother.

In the evening, when the children were retiring to their chamber, the father said, "Well, how did those fine apples taste?"

"Delicious, lovely, father," said the eldest. "It is a fine fruit, somewhat acid, and yet of so mild a flavor, I have carefully preserved my stone, and intend to grow a tree from it."

"Well done," said the father; "that I call prudently providing for the future, as it becomes a husbandman."

"I ate mine immediately," said the youngest, "and threw away the stone: mother gave me also half of hers. Oh! it tasted so sweet and melted in my mouth."

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very prudently, but quite naturally, and in a childish manner. There is still room in life for you to become prudent."

Then began the second son: "I picked up and opened the stone which my little brother threw away. There was in it a kernel which tasted like a nut; but I sold my peach and obtained as much money for it as will purchase twelve when I go to the city."

The father nodded his head, and said, "That is very shrewd, but it is not becoming a child, at least it is not natural. Heaven preserve you from becoming a merchant. And you, Edmund?" said the father.

Frankly and sincerely answered Edmund, "I gave my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George, who has the fever. He was not willing to take, it, but I placed it upon his bed and came away."

"Now," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?"

Then three cried that brother Edmund had; but Edmund was silent, and their mother kissed the tears from his eyes. [Southern Baptist.

EVERY THING GOES WRONG.

BY MARY ANNE.

"What is the matter, Ellen?" said a mother to her daughter, one evening, as they were sitting together, "what great event has kept you silent for an hour?"

"No very great event, mother; only a great many little ones, which have put me entirely out of patience. Everything has gone wrong to-day, and Ellen laid down her work and looked up in her mother's face as if demanding sympathy.

"That expression is a very common one with you, Ellen; your 'wrong days' and your 'right days' come round almost as regularly as your Mondays and Tuesdays. Now that we are alone, and not likely to be interrupted, let us examine the matter, and see if we can find some way in which these 'wrong days' may be turned into 'right ones.' What was your first trouble this morning?"

"Why, you know, I was late at the breakfast, and father did'nt like it, and the coffee and rolls were cold, and then ——"

"Stop; one thing at a time, if you please; your first trouble might certainly have been prevented—you could have been up in season if you had chosen."

"Why, I was fast asleep; how could I?"

"You were fast asleep when breakfast was put on the table, very probably; but were you not waked at half-past five."

"Yes—but—but—I thought it was too early to get up then."

"Ah! there is the difficulty; it never was too early to get up after daylight. You know it is my wish that you should get up as soon as you are called, and your father's displeasure, and your cold breakfast, were the consequences of your disregarding that wish. I know of nothing which is more apt to make a day *go wrong* than beginning it badly."

"Well, perhaps I might have prevented that, but I am sure I could not prevent the shower that came up as I was going to school, and I wet my feet so, that I was uncomfortable all school time; and I dropped my books in the mud, and then my composition, which I had taken so much pains to copy neatly, fell out, and it looked so soiled that I was ashamed to carry it to the teacher."

"As to wetting your feet, you should have worn your overshoes, as I wished, and then your feet would have been dry and comfortable; although it did not rain, the streets were very wet and muddy. Dropping the composition was, I will allow, an accident which you could not have helped; but tell me, did you bear these little trials pleasantly and patiently, or did you go into the school room out of temper, and disposed to be dissatisfied with everything?"

"Why, of course, mother, I did'nt feel quite as pleasantly as usual; you know I could not, when everything had vexed me so."

"Do not say so; never say that you cannot be pleasant. I have shown you that two of the evils of which you complain, were caused by your own negligence, and the third was not such a terrible trial but that it might have been borne, had you not been impatient and fretful beforehand. If, when you found yourself late at breakfast, you had acknowledged yourself to be in the wrong and resolved to do better the next day, instead of excusing yourself, you might have dismissed the subject from your mind, instead of allowing it to worry you as it has done. Well, what was your next trouble?"

We will not follow Ellen and her mother in their examination It appeared that most of her troubles were owing to her own fault, and that the others were little trials which she could hardly have noticed had she been in her usual frame of mind. Ellen was convinced that whereas she had been in the habit of saying that "everything went wrong," the fact was that she herself had been in fault, and she that night resolved in future to bear all unavoidable accidents so pleasantly and patiently as to have no more days when "every thing would go wrong."

OSAGE PLAIN-SPEAKING. The following is a portion of a speech of "White Hair" to a Catholic priest, who had come among them as a missionary, and will serve to show the simple, straight dealing of the old chief:—"Father, you will find among us many old men like myself, whose opinions are too confirmed to be changed. They will acquiesce in almost any views you may advance, but will remain the same at heart. Do not waste your time on such. But our children's minds are young and tender, and will receive any impression you may wish to make upon them. Take them and raise them as you think best; we wish them to become educated and made respectable. And as for our women, I would advise you to have nothing to do with them. *They are not worthy of attention.*"

CRUEL DIVERSION.

It pains us to think that there is any corner in our country where such barbarous practices exist as are found in some parts of Georgia, according to the following account which we cut from the New Orleans Picayune. The second paragraph also illustrates a curious state of society for our age and country.

They have a novel amusement in these parts, called "pulling the ganders." Like many other amusements, however, it is turned into a species of gambling, which may in part account for its great popularity. A liberty pole is erected in the centre of a circle, to which a venerable male of the genus *anser*—a goose—is suspended by the legs, at a distance of about eight feet from the ground. The head and neck of the poor bird are literally saturated with grease, so as to render them as slippery as possible. All who are anxious to join in the sport enter their names, and deposit a dime, which goes to form the bank. They then in turn mount a horse and ride around the circle, those below giving the horse a touch with the whip when he comes opposite the gander. The third time around the pole, the rider must seize the bird by the neck, when if he succeeds in pulling him down, he wins the bank. If he fails, he loses his dime and cannot try again without a re-entry and a re-deposit. The neck of the gander is so slippery, and the horse goes so rapidly, that few succeed is retaining their hold. The majority are pulled from their horse by the attempt, and in that and the writhing of the poor bird, (which is always alive,) I suppose consists the sport. When we remember that the "cackling of a goose" once saved the "Eternal City," is it not enough to make the blood of a patriot boil, to see so true a republican subjected to so great an indignity!

In such a country, of course, the "confectionery" does a thriving business. The yeomanry may frequently be seen trudging with a little corn to a mill hard by, and, depositing their load, going on to the "groggery," to wait until it is ground. As by the time they returned they usually had too many floating ideas, they became a source of great annoyance to the miller. At last he hit on a plan which relieved him. To reach the mill they were obliged to cross a stream, over which was thrown a substantial foot-bridge. The miller reduced this bridge to a single plank. When they could walk that, they never gave him any trouble, but when they were too far gone to venture it, they hallooed to him, and he took their grists over to them. He says he has never been troubled since the adoption of his plan. By far the greatest number, however, are unable to "walk the plank."

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—OR—

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CONTAINING original music and selections from the best European and American Composers. Consisting of TUNES, ANTHEMS, MOTETS, INTROITS, SENTENCES and CHANTS, with an appendix of the most approved Standard Church Tunes, for Congregational Singing, by THOMAS HASTINGS & WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

We think we can assure the lovers of Sacred Music that such a collection of choice gems has never before been presented for their inspection and gratification. The book contains 400 pages; the last 50 pages being devoted exclusively to a selection of the choicest and most approved Standard Congregational Tunes in the various metres, leaving the body of the book to be occupied wholly with original and selected matter from the best sources, much of which was composed, arranged, or selected by Mr. Bradbury, during his late residence in Germany. The MENDELSSOHN COLLECTION is printed on superior paper, and notwithstanding the quantity and superior quality of the matter contained in it, is afforded at the same price of music books of the ordinary size

The Mendelssohn Collection is for sale in Boston, by B. B. Mussey & Co., Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Oliver Ditson, and at other book and music stores.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., Publishers,
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THE INCARNATION,

—BY—

ROLLIN H. NEALE,

PASTOR of the First Baptist Church, Boston. The above work, is the substance of a Discourse delivered before the "Boston North Baptist Association," at its late session, and is published at the request of the Association.

It is beautifully printed in 32mo form and put up in neatly printed covers, gilt edges, at 1s. and also in cloth gilt, at 25 cents.

CONTENTS.

I. Statement of the Doctrine.
II. Proof of the Doctrine.
III. The practical bearing of the Incarnation on the offices of Christ.
IV. Means of securing the blessedness and power of the Incarnation.

Just published by
GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,
dec1 1is2os 59 Washington st.

MR. Livermore's Prize Essay. CROSBY & NICHOLS, have in press and will publish, about the first of January next, the Prize Essay on the Mexican War, awarded by the American Peace Society, to Rev. Abiel Abbot Livermore.

It will make a volume of 300 closely printed pages and will be sold at about 75 cents a copy. Orders from the Trade are solicited. A liberal discount will be made to those who buy to sell again.

dec1 1is2os 111 Washington st.

LITERARY Remains of the late Rev. W. B. O Peabody, D. D. The Subscriber has in Press, and will publish on or about the fifteenth of December next, a new volume of Essays, Reviews, &c., &c., from the pen of the late Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, D. D., of Springfield, Mass. The volume will be got up in handsome style, embellished with a portrait of the lamented author, and will be one of the best books for a Christmas and New Year's present that can be found. BENJ. H. GREENE,

dec1 3t 124 Washington st.

N. B. A few copies on hand of the *Memoir and Sermons* of Dr. Peabody.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cherished desires.

The terms will be the same as heretofore: Twenty-five Dollars per quarter, or One Hundred Dollars per year, all branches included, payable semi annually in January and July.

Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bullfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

PRIVATE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

THE SUBSCRIBER proposes to open a School which shall unite the advantages of a Teacher's Institute with those of a Normal School at Concord, Mass., on the 15th of August.

Besides Practical Instruction in the Art of Teaching, Lectures, Lessons in French, the Use of Educational Books and Journals, &c., &c., will be furnished, and the entire tuition fee will be *ten dollars*, for a term of *twelve weeks*.

Any teacher or person intending to teach, of good character, will be admitted, without any obligation to teach in this state, or to attend more than one term. For further particulars please apply to

WILLIAM B. FOWLE,
138 1 2 Washington St., Boston.
aug4.

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL,

IN CHAPMAN PLACE.

THE Sixteenth Annual Term of this School, will commence on the first Monday in September next.

The Annual Catalogue of the Teachers and Pupils with the Terms, &c. annexed, may be had at the store of Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, No. 111 Washington Street, and that of Mr. Benj. H. Greene, and Mr. S. G Simpkins, 124, same street. AMOS BAKER.

N. B. Chapman Place leads out of School Street, near Horticultural Hall. ag25.

APOTHECARY. SMITH & MELVIN, 325 Washington street, under Amory Hall, continue to give particular attention to the *prescripta* of Physicians and the medical requisitions of families. Confining themselves as they do principally to the legitimate business of the apothecary or scientific and practical Pharmacy, and having unusual facilities for importing and selecting their medicines, customers may be assured of the purity and genuineness of every article dispensed at their establishment. june23

Samuel Ingalls, M. D.

TREATMENT OF LUNG DISEASES,

and others, *not cured* by medicine alone.

DR. S. INGALLS, whose popular lectures on *Consumption* and chronic diseases, have been delivered throughout New England, is now permanently located in Boston.

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Waterman's Patent Ventilated Refrigerator.

MY Patent Refrigerator is introduced to the public in full confidence that all the serious objections to the old ones are overcome, so far as they can be, without violating the laws that govern caloric. The principal improvements are the ventilator, double covers and valve. There are several minor improvements, which, when seen, will be readily appreciated. They are made in the most thorough manner, and lined with zinc of sufficient thickness to insure their duration.

WATERMAN'S PATENT HAND SHOWER BATH, AND IMPROVED BATHING PAN.

The Bathing Pan started on its mission of health and cleanliness from my establishment, fifteen years ago, since which, it has, by its own merits, worked its way to all parts of the civilized World, and thousands upon thousands have been sold, to those, who but for this invention, would have had no means of Bathing, owing to the expense and trouble attending the old bath tub and shower bath. My patent hand Shower Bath was invented and introduced as an adjunct to the Bathing Pan, thus allowing one to enjoy the luxury of a shower bath in the summer months, without being encumbered with the closet bath, the remaining nine months of the year, and has become a general favorite on that account.

WATERMAN'S PATENT LAMP TEA KETTLE.

Every year since the introduction of the Cooking Range, at the approach of Summer, I have had many, and urgent calls for an article to boil water in, without making a fire in the range. The above is the result of my endeavors to answer the call, and is to my entire satisfaction. It will be found both useful and economical in hot weather, to all who cook by Range, and at all seasons, to families that board either at Hotels or elsewhere. To Ladies keeping house in a snug way, and performing their domestic duties from *choice*, it is invaluable, and will answer for the Bachelor in his dreary lodging-room.

WATERMAN'S PATENT BROILER.

This article was invented for the special benefit of those who cook by Range, but experience has proved it to be equally beneficial when used on cooking stoves, or before the wood fire. It combines economy with convenience, and gives entire satisfaction to all who have given it a thorough trial, as it saves all the fat and juices of the meat, and prevents the unpleasant odor always attending the process of broiling by the old method.

N. B. Turn the steak frequently while broiling, and it will be the sooner and better cooked.

WATERMAN'S HOUSE LANTERN.

That safety and convenience should prompt every housekeeper to have a lantern is an indisputable fact. The objections to those now in use, are, that when the glass is broken the remaining portion has to be thrown away (although it costs twice as much as the glass) and the top cannot be cleased of the soot that collects in it. My lantern is so arranged, that a new glass can be put in for the cost of the glass alone; and the top, being moveable, can be kept as clean as any other part, thus becoming a reflector, instead of an absorbent of light, as in the old ones. The top being flat, any vessel can be put thereon, where hot water will be always in readiness, in case of sickness during the night, or for the gentleman's shaving water in the morning, thus answering the double purpose of a nursery lamp and lantern. (Regis. for Pat. 1848.)

WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN COFFEE FILTER.

Through all the years of my experience as a Kitchen furnisher I have sought for a coffee machine, that the cook could manage, and always bring to the table pure extract of coffee without sediment, and have not found it; hence the necessity for improvement; the result, (after many experiments) is, the fountain filter, by which, cooks of the smallest intellectual capacity, can always put upon the table the purest coffee, with the least possible trouble to themselves and the most comfort to their employers. (Registered for Patent 1848.)

INFANTS' BATH TUB.

The utility of this article is so self-evident, that it has long been considered an indispensable appendage to the nursery,—its peculiar form making it easy for the child, and convenient for the nurse, it being light to handle and readily emptied, both ends forming a spout to pour from. Since its introduction (about the same time with my Bath Pan for adults,) I have not been called upon to make one of the old pattern, or alter this in any way, it having given entire satisfaction as it was first made. The sale has been steadily on the increase ever since, and as it has been copied by many other manufacturers, it may be considered as having gained a worthy reputation, on the strength of its own merits.

The above named articles, invented by the subscriber, are manufactured and for sale at his Kitchen Furnishing Ware Rooms, 83 and 85 Cornhill, 6 and 8 Brattle and 73 Court street.

The place for all on the eve of housekeeping, and those already established, to procure every article appertaining to the kitchen department, of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Goods sent to all parts of the City and adjacent towns, free of expense to the purchaser. Those visiting the City by Railroad, can have their goods packed and sent to the Depot, in season for the evening train, by making their selection in the early part of the day.

june9 7m NATH'L WATERMAN.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

THE uniform success which has attended the use of this preparation—its salutary effect—its power to relieve and cure affections of the Lungs, have gained for it a celebrity equalled by no other medicine. We offer it to the afflicted with entire confidence in its virtues, and the full belief that it will subdue and remove the severest attacks of disease upon the throat and Lungs. These results, as they become publicly known, very naturally attract the attention of medical men and philanthropists everywhere. What is their opinion of CHERRY PECTORAL may be seen in the following:—

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Prof. Surgery Med. College, New York, says:—"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL, which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the Throat and Lungs."

THE RT. REV. LORD BISHOP FIELD

writes in a letter to his friend, who was fast sinking under an affection of the Lungs:—"Try the CHERRY PECTORAL, and if any medicine can give you relief, with the blessing of God that will."

CHIEF JUSTICE EUSTIS,

of Louisiana, writes, "That a young daughter of his was cured of several severe attacks of *Croup* by the CHERRY PECTORAL."

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS.

The Canadian Journal of Medical Science

states, "That Asthma and Bronchitis so prevalent in this inclement climate, has yielded with equal rapidity to Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL, and we cannot too strongly recommend this skilful preparation to the Profession and public generally."

Let the relieved sufferer speak for himself:—

HARTFORD, Jan. 26, 1847.

Dr. J. C. Ayer—Dear Sir:—Having been rescued from a painful and dangerous disease by your medicine, gratitude prompts me to send you this acknowledgment, not only in justice to you, but for the information of others in like affliction.

A slight cold upon the lungs, neglected at first, became so severe that spitting of blood, a violent cough and profuse night sweats followed and fastened upon me. I became emaciated, could not sleep, was distressed by my cough, and a pain through my chest, and in short had all the alarming symptoms of quick consumption. No medicine seemed at all to reach my case, until I providentially tried your CHERRY PECTORAL, which soon relieved and now has cured me. Yours with respect,

E. A. STEWART.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 17, 1848.

Dr. Ayer, Lowell—Dear Sir:—I have for years been afflicted with Asthma in the worst form; so that I have been obliged to sleep in my chair for a large part of the time, being unable to breathe on my bed. I had tried a great many medicines to no purpose, until my Physician prescribed, as an experiment, your CHERRY PECTORAL.

At first it seemed to make me worse, but in no less than a week I began to experience the most gratifying relief from its use; and now, in four weeks the disease is entirely removed. I can sleep on my bed with comfort, and enjoy a state of health which I had never expected to enjoy. GEORGE S. FARRANT.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

Sold by the Druggists generally throughout New England. 3mos s22

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